Syr P. S.
His Astrophel and Stella.

Wherein the excellence of sweete
Poesie is concluded.

(·.·)

To the end of which are added, sundry other rare Sonnets of diuers Noble men and Gentlemen.

(*.*)

At London
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SIR P. S. HIS ASTRO-PHEL AND STELLA.

LOuing in trueth, and fayne my loue in verſe to ſhow,
That the deare *Shee*, might take ſome pleaſure of my paine:
Pleaſure might cauſe her reade, reading might make her know,
Knowledge might pittie winne, and pittie grace obtaine.
I ſought fit wordes, to paint the blackeſt face of woe,
Studying inuentions fine, her wittes to entertaine,
Oft turning others leaues, to ſee if thence would flowe,
Some freſh and fruitfull ſhower, vpon my Sunne-burnt braine.
But wordes came halting out, wanting inuentions ſtay,
Inuention Natures childe, fledde Stepdames ſtudies blowes:
And others feete, ſtill ſeemde but ſtraungers in my way,
Thus great with Childe to ſpeake, and helpleſſe in my throwes,
Byting my tongue and penne, beating my ſelfe for ſpite:
Foole ſaide my muſe to mee, looke in thy heart and write.

NOt at firſt ſight, nor with a dribbing ſhot,
Loue gaue the wound, which while I breath will bleede:
But knowne, worth did in tract of time proceede,
Till by degrees it had full conqueſt got.
I ſaw and lik'd, I lik'd but loued not,
I lou'd, but did not ſtraight what Loue decreede:
At length to Loues decrees, I firſt agreede.
Yet with repining at ſo partiall lotte.
Now euen that foot-ſteppe of loſt libertie
Is gone, and now like ſlaue-borne Muſcouite:
I call it praiſe to ſuffer tyrannie,
And now imploy the remnant of my wit,
To make my ſelfe beleeue that all is well,
While with a feeling skill I paint my hell.

LEt Dainty wittes cry on the Siſters nine,
That brauely maskt, their fancies may be tolde:

Or Pyndars Apes flaunt in their phraſes fine,
Enameling their pride with flowers of golde.
Or els let them in ſtately glorie ſhine,
Ennobling new founde tropes, with problemes old:
Or with ſtrange ſimilies, enricht each line,
Of hearbes or beaſtes, which *Inde* or *Affricke* hold.
For me in ſooth, no Muſe but one I know,
Phraſes and Problemes from my reach doe growe,
And ſtrange things coſt too deere for my poore ſprites.
How then; euen thus, in *Stellas* face I reede,
What loue and beauty be, then all my deede.
But coppying is, what in her nature writes.

VErtue (alas) now let me take ſome reſt,
Thou ſet'ſt a bate betweene my loue and me,
If vaine loue haue my ſimple ſoule oppreſt,
Leaue what thou lik'ſt, and deale thou not with it,
Thy Scepter vſe in ſome olde *Caroes* breſt,
Churches and Schooles are for thy ſeat moſt fit:
I doe confeſſe, (pardon a fault confeſt,)
My mouth too tender is for thy hard bit.
But if that needes, thou wilt vſurping bee
That little reaſon that is left in mee.
And ſtill the effect of thy perſwaſions prooue,
If weare, my heart ſuch one ſhall ſhew to thee,
That ſhrines in fleſh ſo true a deitie.
That Vertue, thou thy ſelfe ſhalt be in loue.

IT is moſt true, what wee call *Cupids* dart,
An Image is, which for our ſelues we carue:
And fooles adore, in Temple of our hart,
Till that good God make Church and Churh-men ſtarue.
It is moſt true, that eyes are bound to ſerue
The inward part: and that the beau'nly part
Ought to the King, from whoſe rules who doth ſwerue,
Rebels to nature, ſtriue for their owne ſmart.

True

True that true beautie vertue is indeede,
Whereof this beautie can but be a ſhade:
Which Elements with mortall mixture breede,
True that on earth we are but Pilgrims made.
And ſhould in ſoule, vp to our Country moue.
True and moſt true, that I muſt *Stella* loue.

SOme Louers ſpeake, when they their Muſes entertaine
Of hopes begot, by feare, of wot not what deſires,
Of force of heau'nly beames, infuſing helliſh paine;
Of lying deaths deere wounds, faire ſtormes and flaſhing fyres.
Some one his ſongs in *Ioue* and *Ioues* ſtrange tales attyres,
Bord'red with Bulles and Swannes, poud'red with golden raine:
An other humbler witte to ſhepheards pipe retyres,
Yet hiding royall blood, full oft in Rurall vaine.
To ſome a ſweeteſt plaint a ſweeteſt ſtile affordes,
Whiles teares poure out his inke, and ſighes breath out his wordes.
His paper pale deſpaire, and paine his penne doth moue.
I can ſpeake what I feele, and feele as much as they,
But thinke that all the mappe of my ſtate I diſplay.
When trembling voice brings foorth, that I do *Stella* loue.

WHen nature made her chiefe worke, *Stellas* eyes,
In colour blacke, why wrapt ſhe beames ſo bright?
Would ſhe in beamy blacke like Painter wiſe,
Frame daintieſt luſtre mixte with ſhaddowes light?
Or did ſhe els that ſober hewe deuiſe,
In obiect beſt, to ſtrength and knit our ſight:
Leaſt if no vaile theſe braue beames did diſguiſe,
They Sun-like would more dazell than delight.
Or would ſhee her miraculous power ſhow,
That whereas blacke ſeemes Beauties contrarie,
Shee euen in blacke doth make all Beauties flow:
But ſo and thus, ſhe minding Loue ſhould bee
Plaſte euer there, gaue him this mourning weed:
To honour all their deathes, who for her bleed.

Sir P. S. his

LOue borne in *Greece*, of late fled from his native place,
Forst by a tedious proofe, that Turkish hardned hartes
Were no fit markes, to pearce with his fine pointed darts:
And pleased with our soft peace, staide here his fleeting race.
But finding these cold climes, too coldlie him imbrace,
Not vsde to frozen lippes, he straue to finde some part,
Where with most ease and warmth, he might imploye his art.
At length himselfe he pearch'd in *Stellas* face,
Whose faire skinne, beamie eyes, like morning Sunne in snowe,
Deceiu'd the quaking boy, who though from so pure light,
Effects of liuelie heat in nature needes must growe.
But she most faire, most colde; made him there take his flight
To my close heart; where while some fire-brands he did lay,
He burnt vnwares his wings, and cannot fly away.

QVeene Vertues Courte, which some call *Stellas* face,
Prepar'd by Natures cheefest furniture:
Hath his front built of Alablaster pure,
Golde is the couering of that stately place:
The doore, by which sometimes runnes forth her grace,
Red Porphire is, which locke of Pearle makes sure:
Whose Porches rich, with name of cheekes indure,
Marble mixtred and white, doe enterlace:
The Windowes now, through which this heauenly guest
Lookes on the world, and can find nothing such,
Which dare claime from those sightes the name of best,
Of touch they are, that without touch doe touch,
Which Cupids selfe, from Beauties mine did drawe:
Of touch they are, and poore I am their strawe.

REason, in faith thou art well seru'd, that still
Would'st brabling be, with sence and loue in me:
I rather wish thee climbe the Muses hill,
Or reach the fruite of Natures chiefest tree;
Or seeke heau'ns course, or heau'ns vnusde to thee:
Why should'st thou toyle, our thornie ground to till?

Leaue

Leaue ſence and thoſe that ſences obiectes be,
Deale thou with powers, of thoughts leaue thou to will.
But thou wouldſt needes fight both with Loue and ſence,
With ſworde of witte, giuing woundes of diſpraiſe:
Till downe-right blowes did foyle thy cunning ſence,
So ſoone as they ſtrake thee with *Stellas* rayes.
Reaſon, thou knewſt, and offered ſtraight to proue
By reaſon good, good reaſon her to loue.

IN truth oh Loue: with what a boyiſh kinde
Dooſt thou proceede, in thy moſt ſerious waies?
That when thy heauen to thee his beſt diſplaies,
Yet of that beſt thou leau'ſt the beſt behinde.
That like a Childe that ſome faire booke doth finde
With gilden leaues of coloured Velom, playes;
Or at the moſt on ſome faire picture ſtaies;
But neuer heedes the fruite of Writers minde.
So when thou ſaweſt in Natures cabinet,
Stella, thou ſtraight look'ſt babies in her eyes:
In her chekes pit, thou didſt thy pitfall ſet,
And in her breſt to peepe, a lowting lyes.
Playing and ſhining in each outward part:
But foole ſeekſt not to get into her hart.

CVpid becauſe thou ſhin'ſt in *Stellas* eyes,
That from her lookes thy dimneſſe now ſcapes free:
That thoſe lips ſweld ſo full of thee they be.
That ſweet breath maketh oft the flames to riſe,
That in her breſt thy pap well ſugred lyes.
That grace euen makes thy gracious wrongs; that ſhe,
What word ſo ere ſhe ſpeakes, perſwades for thee:
That her cleere voice, lifteth the Sunne to Skyes.
Thou counteſt *Stella* thine, like thoſe whoſe powers
Hauing got vp a breach, (by fighting well)
Cry victory, this happy day is ours:

Oh no, her heart is such a Cytadell.
So fortified with wit, stor'd with disdaine:
That to winne it, is all the skill and paine.

Phœbus was Iudge, twixt *Ioue* and *Mars* in loue,
Of those three Gods whose armes the faireſt were:
Ioues golden shielde, did Eagle Sables beare.
Whose talents bolde young *Ganimede* aboue.
But in verde fieldes, *Mars* beares a golden Speare,
Which through a bleeding heart, his point did shoue:
Each had his creſt, *Mars* carried *Venus* gloue.
Ioue on his Helme the Thunder bolt did reare.
Cupid then smiles, for on his creſt there lyes
Stellas fayre haire, her face he makes his shield:
Where Roses gules, are borne in siluer field
Phœbus drewe wide the Curtaine of the skyes
To blaſe the laſt, and swore deuoutly then:
The first thus matcht, were scarcely Gentlemen.

ALas, haue I not paine enough my frend,
Vpon whose breaſt, a fiercer gripe doth tyre,
Than did on him, who first stole downe the fyre;
While Loue on me, doth all his quiuer spend,
But with your Rubarbe wordes you muſt contend,
To greeue me worse in saying, that desire
Doth plunge my well form'd soule, euen in the mire
Of sinfull thoughtes, which doe in ruine ende,
If that be sinne which doth the manners frame,
Well stayed with truth, in worde and faith of deed,
Readie of wit, and fearing nought but shame;
If it be sin which in fixt hart dooth breed,
A loathing of all loſt true chaſtitie;
Then loue is sin, and let me sinfull bee.

YOu that doe search for euery purling spring,
Which from the rybs of olde *Pernaſſus* flowes,

And

And euery flower(not sweete perhaps)which growes
Neere there about,in to your Poems wring.
You that doe dictionary method bring
Into your rymes,running in ratling rowes,
You that old *Petrarchs* long deceased woes,
With new borne sighes,and wit disguised sing;
You take wrong wayes,those far-fet helps be such,
As doe bewray a want of inward tutch,
And sure at length stolne goods doe come to light.
But if both for your loue and skill you name.
You seeke to nurse at fullest brest of Fame,
Stella behould and then begin to write.

IN nature apt to like,when I did see
Beauties which were of many Carrects fine,
My boyling spirites did the ther then incline,
And Loue I thought that I was full of thee,
But finding not those restles flames in me,
which others said did make theyr soules to pyne.
I thought those babes of some pins hurt did whine:
By my loue iudging what loues pains might be.
But while I thus with this young Lyon plaid,
Myne eyes(shall I say curst or blest)beheld
Stella: now she is nam'de,neede more be sayd?
In her sight I a lesson new haue speld.
I now haue learned loue right,and learnd euen so,
As they that beeing poysoned,poyson know.

HIs mother deere *Cupid* offended late,
Because that *Mars* grew slacker in her loue,
With pricking shot he did not throughly moue,
To keepe the place of their first louing state:
The boy refusde,for feare of *Mars*es hate;
Who threatned stripes,if he his wrath did proue:
But she in chafe him from her lappe did shoue,
Broke bowe,broke shaftes,where *Cupid* weeping sate,
Till that his Grandam Nature pitying it,

Of *Stellas* browes, made him two better bowes:
And in her eyes of arrowes infinit.
O how for ioy he leapes, O how he crowes;
And straight therewith, like wagges, new got to play:
Falls to shrewde turnes, and I was in his way.*

WIth what strange chekes I in my selfe am shent,
When into Reasons Audit I doe goe:
And by such counts my selfe a Banckerowt know,
Of all those goods whic heauen to me hath lent,
Vnable quite, to pay euen Natures rent,
Which vnto it by birth-right I doe owe:
And which is worse, no good excuse can showe,
But that my wealth I haue most idly spent;
My wit doth waste, my knowledge bringes forth toyes,
My wit doth striue, those passions to defende
With my rewarde, the sphile of vaine annoyes;
I see my course, to loose my selfe doth bende.
I see and yet no greater sorrowe take,
Than that I loose no more for *Stellas* sake.

ON *Cupids* bowe, how are my hart strings bent?
That see my wracke, and yee imbrace the same:
When most I glory, then I feele most shame;
I willing run, yet when I runne repent;
My best wittes still their owne disgrace inuent,
My very yncke, turnes straight to *Stellas* name:
And yet my wordes (as then my penne doth frame)
For though she passe all things, yet what is all
That vnto me, that fare like him that both,
Lookes to the skyes and in a ditch doth fall,
O let me proue, my mind yet in his grouth
And not in nature, for best fruites vnfit;
Scholler (saith Loue) bend hitherward thy wit.

FLy, fly my frendes, I haue my deathes wound, flye;
See there that boy, that murthering boy I say,

Who

Who like a thiefe hid in a buſh doth lye,
Tyll bloody bullet get him wrongfull pray.
So, tyrant he no fitter place could ſpy,
Nor ſo farre leuell in ſo ſecrete ſtay:
As that ſweete blacke which walles thy heauenly eye,
There he himſelfe with his ſhot cloſe doth laye.
Poore paſſenger, paſſe now thereby I did,
And ſtaid to ſee the proſpect of the place,
While that black hue from me the bad gueſt hid,
But ſtraight I ſaw motions of lightnings grace,
And there diſcried the gliſterings of his dart:
But ere I could flie thence, it pearſt my hart.

YOur words my freends me cauſeleſly doe blame,
My young minde marde whom Loue doth menace ſo:
That my owne writings like bad ſeruants ſhew
My wits, quick in vaine thoughts, in vertue lame;
That *Plato* I haue read for nought, but if hee tame
Such coltiſh yeeres, that to my birth I owe
Nobler deſires: leſt els that to my foe
Great expectation were a trayne of ſhame.
For ſince mad *Mars* great promiſe made to me,
If now the May of my yeeres much decline,
What can be hop'd my harueſt time will be,
Well ſaid, your wit in vertues golden myne
Digs deepe with learnings ſpade: now tell me this,
Hath this world ought ſo faire as *Stella* is?

IN higheſt way of heauen the Sunne did ride,
Progreſsing from fayre Twynnes in golden place,
Hauing no maske of Clowdes before his face,
But ſtreaming forth his heat in chiefeſt pride,
When ſome faire Ladies by hard promiſe tyde.
On horſebacke met him in his furious race,
Yet each prepar'de with Faunes well mading grace,
From that foes wounds their tender skinnes to hide.

Stella alone, with face vnarmed marcht,
Either to doe like him, as careleſſe ſhowne:
Or careleſſe of the welth, becauſe her owne.
Yet were their hid and meaner beauties parcht,
Her daintieſt bare went free; cauſe was this,
The Sunne that others burnt, did her but kiſſe.

THe curious wits, ſeeing dull penſiuenes
Bewray it ſelfe in my long ſeſled eyes:
When theſe ſame fumes of melancholie riſe.
With idle paines and miſsing paines doth gheſſe;
Some that know how, my ſpring I did addreſſe,
Deeme that my Muſe ſome fruite of knowledge plyes,
Others, becauſe the Prince my ſeruice tryes,
Thinke that I think, State errors to redreſſe;
But harder Iudges, iudge ambitious rage,
(Scourge of it ſelfe, till clyming ſlippery place)
Holds my young braine captiu'd in golden cage.
O fooles, farre otherwiſe alas the caſe;
For all my thoughts haue neither ſtop nor ſtart,
But onely *Stellas* eyes, and *Stellas* hart.

RIch fooles there be, whoſe baſe and filthy hart,
Lyes hatching ſtill the goods wherein they flow:
Damning themſelues to *Tantalus* his ſmart,
Welth breeding want, more rich, more wretched grow.
Yet to thoſe fooles, heauen doth ſuch wit impart,
As what their hands doe hold, their heads doe know.
And knowing loue, and louing lay apart.
As ſcattered things, farre from all dangers ſhow.
But that rich foole, whome by blinde Fortunes lot,
The richeſt gem of loue and life enioyes,
And came with foule abuſe ſuch beauties blot:
Let him depriued of ſweet, but vnfelt ioyes
Exilde for aye, from thoſe high treaſures which
He knowes not grow, in onely follie rich.

The

THe wiſeſt ſcholler of the wight moſt wiſe,
By *Phœbus* doome, with ſugred ſentence ſayes:
That vertue if it once meete with our eyes,
Strange flames of loue it in our ſoules would rayſe.
But for that man with paine this truth deſcries,
While he each thing in ſences ballance wayes,
And ſo, nor will nor can behold thoſe skyes,
Which inward Summe to heroicke mindes diſplaies.
Vertue of late with vertuous care to ſtir
Loue of himſelfe, take *Stellas* ſhape, that hee
To mortall eyes might ſweetly ſhine in her.
It is moſt true, for ſince I did her ſee,
Vertues great beautie in her face I proue,
And finde defect; for I doe burne in loue.

THought duskie wits doe ſcorne Aſtrologie,
And fooles can thinke thoſe lampes of pureſt light,
Whoſe number waies greatnes eternitie.
Promiſing wondrous wonders to inuite,
To haue for no cauſe birth-right in the skyes.
But for to ſpangle the blacke weedes of Night,
Or for ſome braue within that Chamber hie,
They ſhould ſtill daunce to pleaſe a gazers ſight.
For me I nature euery deale doe know,
And know great cauſes, great effects procure,
And know thoſe bodies high, raigne on the low.
And if theſe rules did fall, proofe makes me ſure,
VVho oft bewraies my after following caſe,
By onely thoſe two ſtarres in *Stellas* face.

BEcauſe I oft in darke abſtracted guiſe,
Seeme moſt alone in greateſt company,
VVith dearth of words, and aunſwers quite awry.
To them that would make naked ſpeech ariſe;
They deeme, and of their doome the rumor flies,
That poyſon foule of bubling pride doth lie
So in my ſwelling breaſt, that onely I

Faune on my ſelfe, all others doe deſpiſe:
Yet pride (I thinke) doth not my ſoule poſſeſſe,
(Which lookes too oft in this vnflattering glaſſe)
But one worſe fault, ambition I confeſſe,
That makes me oft my beſt freendes ouer-paſſe,
Vnſeene, vnheard, while thought to higheſt place
Bends all his powers, euen vnto *Stellas* grace.

YOu that with allegories curious frame
Of others children changelings vſe to make,
With me thoſe paines for God-ſake doe not take,
I liſt not dig ſo deepe for braſen fame.
When I ſee *Stella*, I doe meane the ſame
Princeſſe of beautie, for whoſe onely ſake,
The raynes of loue I loue, though neuer ſlake;
And ioy therin, though Nations count it ſhame:
I begge no ſubiect to vſe eloquence,
Nor hidden waies to guide Philoſophie,
Looke at my hands for no ſuch quinteſſence,
But know that I in pure ſimplicitie,
Breathe out the flames which burne within my hart,
Loue onely leading me into this arte.

LIke ſom weake Lords neighbours by mighty kings,
To keepe themſelues and their chiefe Citties free
Doe eaſily yeelde, that all theyr coaſt may be
Readie to ſerue their Campe of needfull things:
So *Stellas* hart finding what power Loue brings,
To keepe it ſelfe in life and libertie,
Doth willing graunt that in the Frontire he
Vſe all to helpe his other conquerings.
And thus her hart eſcapes, but thus her eyes
Serue him with ſhot, her lips his Herralds are,
Her breſts his Tents, legges his tryumphall Chare,
Herſelfe his foode, her skin his Armor braue.
But for becauſe my chiefeſt proſpect lyes
Vpon the coaſt, I am giuen vp for a ſlaue.

Whether

WHether the Turkiſh new Moone minded be,
To fill her hornes vppon the Chriſtian coaſt:
How Polands King mindes without leaue of hoaſt,
To warme with ill made fire cold *Muſcouie*,
If French can yet three parts in one agree,
What now the Dutch in their full diets boaſt,
How Holland harts, now ſo good Townes are loſt,
Wherewith my Father made it once halfe tame,
If in the Scottiſh Court be weltering yet;
Theſe queſtions buſie wits to me do frame:
I combered with good manners, aunſwere doe,
But know not how, for ſtill I thinke on *you*.

WIth how ſad ſteps O Moone thou clim'ſt the skyes,
How ſilently, and with how meane a face,
What may it be, that euen in heauenly place,
That buſie Archer his ſharpe arrowes tryes?
Sure if that long with loue acquainted eyes
Can iudge of loue, thou feeleſt of Louers caſe,
I reade within thy lookes thy languiſht grace.
To me that feele the like, my ſtate deſcries.
Then euen of fellowſhip O Moone tell me,
Is conſtant loue deemde there but want of wit?
Are beauties there, as proude as heere there be?
Doe they aboue, loue to be lou'd, and yet
Thoſe Louers ſcorne, whom that loue doth poſſeſſe?
Doe they call vertue there vngratefulneſſe?

MOrpheus the liuely ſonne of deadlie Sleepe,
Witnes of life to them that liuing die:
A Prophet oft of hidden myſterie;
A Poet eake as humors flye and creepe:
Since thou in me ſo ſure a hold dooſt kepe,
That neuer I with clos'd vp ſence doe lye,
But by thy worke, my *Stella* I deſcry,
Teaching blinde eyes both how to ſmile and weepe;

Vouchſafe

Vouchsafe of all acquaintance this to tell,
VVhence hast thou Iuorie, Rubies, Pearle, and Golde,
To shew *her* skin, lips, teeth, and head so well?
(Foole aunswers he) no *Indes* such treasures hold,
But from thy hart, while my Sire charmeth thee,
Sweete *Stellas* Image I doe steale to me.

I Might, vnhappy word, (woe me) I might,
And then would not, or could not see my blisse:
Tyll now, wrapt in a most infernall Night,
I finde, how heauenly day (wretch) did I misse;
Hart rent thy selfe, thou doost thy selfe but right:
No louely *Paris* made thy *Helen* his,
No force, no fraude, robd thee of thy delight,
No Fortune of thy fortune Author is;
But to my selfe, my selfe did giue the blow,
While too much wit forsooth so troubled me,
That I respects for both our sakes must show,
And could I not by rysing morne fore-see,
How faire a day was neere, (O punisht eyes)
That I had beene more foolish, or more wise.

COme let me write, and to what end? to ease
A burthened hart (how can words ease, which are
The glasses of thy daily vexing care?)
Oh, cruell fight is well pictured forth do please.
Art not asham'd to publish thy disease?
Nay, that may breede my fame, it is so rare.
But will not wise men think thy words fonde ware?
Then be they close, and they shall none displease,
What idler thing than speake and not be heard?
What harder thing than smart and not to speake?
Peace foolish wit, with wit my wit is marde;
Thus write I while I doubt to write, and wreake
My harmes in ynkes poore losse, perhap some finde
Stellas great power, that so confus'd my minde.

VVhat

WHat may words say? or what may words not say,
Where truth it selfe must speake like flattery?
Within what boundes can one his lyking stay,
Where Nature doth with excellence agree?
What *Nestors* counsell can my flames allay,
Since Reasons selfe doth blow the coles to me?
And ah, what hope that hope should once see day,
Where *Cupid* is sworne page to Chastitie?
Honour is honored, that thou dost possesse;
Him as thy slaue, and now long needie Fame
Doth euen grow rich, meaning my *Stellas* name;
Wit learnes in *thee* perfection to expresse,
Not *thou* by praise, but praise in *thee* is raised.
It is a praise, to praise where *thou* art praysed.

STella, whence doth these newe assaults arise,
A conquerd, yeelding, ransackt hart to win?
Whereto long since, through my long battred eyes,
Whole Armies of *thy* beauties entred in,
And there long since, Loue thy Lieuetenant lyes,
My forces raz'd, thy banners rais'd within;
Of conquest what doe these effects suffice,
But wilt new warre vppon thine owne begin,
With so sweet voyce, and by sweet nature so,
In sweetest strength, so sweetly skild withall,
In all sweet stratagems sweete Arte can shew:
That not my soule which at thy foote did fall
Long sithence forst by thy beames; but stone nor tree
By sences priuiledge can scape from thee.

THus night while sleepe begins, with heauie wings
To close mine eyes, and that my troubled thought
Doth fall to stray, and my chiefe powers are brought
To leaue the scepter of all subiect things,
The first that straight my fancies errour brings
Vnto my minde, is *Stellas* Image, wrought
By Loues owne selfe, but with so curious draught,

That ſhe me thinks not onely ſhines but ſings:
I ſtart, looke hart, harke, but what inclos'd vp ſence
Was held, in open view it flyes away,
Leauing me nought but wayling eloquence.
I ſeeing bitter ſights in ſighes decay,
Cald it anew, and woed Sleepe againe,
But him her hoaſt her vnkind gueſt had ſlaine.

COme Sleepe, O Sleepe, the certaine knot of peace,
The bathing place of wits, the balme of woe,
The poore mans wealth, the pryſoners releaſe,
The indifferent Iudge betweene the hie and lowe,
With ſhielde of proofe, ſhielde me from out the preſſe
Of theſe fierce dartes, Diſpayre at me doth throw;
O make in me thoſe ciuill warres to ceaſe:
I will good trybute pay if thou doe ſo.
Take thou of me ſmooth pillowes, ſweeteſt bed,
A chamber deafe of noyſe, and blinde of light,
A rolie garland, and a wearie head.
And if theſe things (as being thine in right)
Mooue not thy heauie grace, thou ſhalt in me
(Liuelier then els) rare *Stellas* Image ſee.

AS good to write, as for to lie and groane,
O *Stella* deere, how much *thy* power hath wrought,
That haſt my minde now of the baſeſt brought,
My ſtill kept courſe while others ſleepe to moane;
Alas if *thou*, the hight of Vertues throane,
Canſt but vouchſafe the influence of a thought,
Vpon a wretch which long *thy* grace hath ſought,
Way then by *thee* how I am ouerthrowne;
And then thinke thus, although *thy* beautie be
Made manifeſt, by ſuch a victorie,
Yet nobleſt Conquerers doe wreaks auoide;
Since then *thou* haſt ſo farre ſubdued me,
That in my hart I offer ſtill to *thee*,
O doe not let thy Temple be deſtroide.

HAuing this day, my horſe, my hand, my Launce
Guided ſo well, that I obtaind the prize,
Both by the iudgement of the Engliſh eyes,
And of ſome ſent by that ſweet enmie Fraunce,
Horſmen my skill in horſmanſhip aduaunce,
Towne folke my ſtrength; a daintier Iudge applies
His praiſe to flight, which from good vſe doth riſe:
Some luckie wits impute it but to chaunce:
Others, becauſe from both ſides I doe take
My blood from them that doe excell in this,
Thinke Nature me a man at Armes did make.
How farre they ſhoote away? the truth cauſe is,
Stella lookt on, and from her heauenly face,
Sent forth her beames, which made ſo faire a race.

O Eyes, which doe the Spheres of beautie moue,
Whoſe beames all ioyes, whoſe ioyes all vertues be:
Who while they make Loue conquer, conquer Loue,
The Schooles where *Venus* hath learnd Chaſtitie:
O eyes, where humble lookes moſt glorious proue,
Onely loue taſting of your crueltie.
Doe not, doe not, from me, poore me, remoue,
Keepe ſtill my Zenith, euer ſhine on me;
For thoughts eye neuer ſees them, but ſtraight wayes:
My life forgets to nouriſh languiſht ſprights:
Yet ſtill on me (O eyes) dart downe your rayes;
And if from Maieſtie of ſacred Lights
Oppreſſing mortall ſence, my death proceede:
Wreckes tryumphs beſt, which Loue hie ſet doth breed.

FAire eyes, ſweet lips, deere hart, that fooliſh I
Could hope by *Cupids* helpe on you to pray:
Since to himſelfe he doth your gifts apply,
As his maine force, chiefe ſport, and eaſefull ſtay.
For when he will ſee who dare him gainſay,
Then with theſe eyes he lookes, loe by and by,
Each ſoule doth at Loues feete his weapons lay,

Glad if for *her* he giue them leaue to die.
When he will play, then in *hir* lips his eye,
Where blushing red, that Loues selfe then doe loue,
With either lip he doth the other kisse;
But when he will for quiets sake remoue
From all the world, *her* hart is then his roome:
Where well he knowes, no man to him can come.

MY words I know doe well sette forth my minde,
My minde, bemones his sence of inward smart:
Such smart may pittie claime of any hart;
Her hart, sweete hart, is of no Tygers kinde,
And yet *she* heares, and I no pittie finde,
But more I cry, lesse grace *she* doth impart;
Alas, what cause is there so ouerthwart,
That Noblenes it selfe makes thus vnkinde?
I much doe gesse, yet finde no truth but this,
That when the breath of my complaints doe touch
Those daintie doores vnto the Court of Blisse,
That once come there, the sobs of my annoyes,
Are metamorphos'd straight to tunes of ioyes.

STella oft sees the very face of woes
Painted in my bewrinckled stormie face:
But cannot skill to pittie my disgrace;
No though the cause heereof *her selfe she* knowes.
Yet *Hermes* late, a Fable who did show,
Of Louers neuer knowne, (a pittious case)
Pittie thereof got in *her* breast such place,
As from *her* eyes, a Spring of teares did flow.
Alas, if Fancie drowne by fained things,
Though false, yet with free store more grace doth breede,
Then Seruants wreck, where new doubt honor bringes,
Than thinke my *Deere*, that in me *you* doe reede
Of Louers ruine some sad Tragedie:
And if not me, pittie the tale of me.

I curst

I Curst thee oft, I pittie now thy case,
Blinde hitting Boy, since *she* that thee and me
Rules with a becke, so tyrannizeth thee,
That thou must want or foode or dwelling place;
For *she* protests to banniſh thee *her* face.
Her face (O Loue) a rogue then ſhould'ſt thou be,
If Loue learne not alone to loue and ſee,
Without deſire to feede of further grace.
Alas poore wagge, that now a Scholler art
To ſuch a Schoole-miſtris, whoſe leſſons new
Thou needes muſt miſſe, and ſo thou needes muſt ſmart;
Yet *deare*, let me this pardon get of *you*,
That he ſo long may ſport him with deſire,
Till without Fuell, *thou* can make hote fire.

WHat, haue I thus betraide my libertie,
Can thoſe blacke beames, ſuch burning markes engraue
In my free ſide, or am I borne a ſlaue,
Whoſe necke becomes ſuch yoke of tyrannie?
Or want I ſence to feele my miſerie,
Or ſpirit diſdaine of ſuch diſdaine to haue,
Who for long faith ſome gentle pittie craue,
Yee get no almes, but ſcorne of beggerie.
Vertue awake, beautie but beautie is;
I may, I muſt, I can, I will, I doe
Leaue following that which it is gaine to miſſe,
Let her goe: ſoft, but there ſhe comes, goe to,
Vnkind I loue you, not, (woe me) that I
Muſt make my hart thus giue my tongue the lie.

SOules ioy, bend not thoſe morning ſtarres from me,
Where vertue is made ſtrong by beauties might,
Where loue is chaſtnes, ſcorning youthes delight,
And humblenes is linckt with maieſtie;
What euer may enſue, ah let me be
Copartner of the riches of that ſight:
Let not mine eies be blinded from that light;

Oh looke, oh ſhine, O let me die and ſee,
For though I oft my ſelfe of them bemone,
That through my hart there beamie darts be gone,
Whoſe cureleſſe wounides euen nowe moſt freſhly bleede;
Yet ſince my deaths wound is already got,
Deere killer, ſpare not *thy* ſweete cruell ſhot,
A kinde of grace it is to kill with ſpeede.

I On my horſe, and Loue on me doth trie
Our horſmanſhip, while two ſtreng works I proue,
A horſman to my horſe, a horſe to Loue;
And now mans wrongs in me poore beaſt deſcry.
The raines wherewith the ryder doth me tie
Are reuerent thoughts, which bit of reuerence moue,
Curbde in with feare, but with gilt boſſe aboue
Of hope, which makes it ſeeme faire to the eye:
The wande is will, thou fancie ſaddle art,
Girt faſt by memory; and while I ſpurre
My horſe, he ſpurres with ſharpe deſieres my hart,
He ſits me faſt how euer I doe ſturre,
And now hath made me to his hand ſo right,
That in the manage I my ſelfe delight.

S *Tella*, the fulnes cannot ſtaied be
Of hidden thoughts, within my panting breſt:
But they doe ſwell and ſtruggle forth of me,
Till that in words thy figure be expreſt,
And yet as ſoone as they thus formed be,
According to my Lord Loues owne beheſt,
With ſad eyes I their weake proportion ſee
To portr act what within this world is bleſt.
So that I cannot chuſe but write my mynde,
And cannot chuſe but put out that I write,
While thoſe poore babes their death in birth doe finde;
And now my penne theſe lynes had daſhed quite,
But that they ſtop his furie from the ſame:
Becauſe their fore-front beares ſweet *Stellas* name.

Pardon

PArdon mine eares, both I and they doe pray,
So may *your* tongue ſtill flantingly proceede,
To them that doe ſuch entertainments neede;
So may *you* ſtill haue ſomething new to ſay
On ſillie me, doe not *your* burthen lay
Of all the graue conceipts *your* braine doth breede:
But find ſome *Hercules*, to beare (in ſteede
Of *Atlas* tyrde) *your* wiſedomes heauenly ſway,
For me while you diſcourſe of courtly tydes,
Of cunningſt Fiſhers in moſt troubled ſtreames,
Of ſtraying waues when valiant errour guides;
Meane while my heart confers with *Stellas* beames,
As pittie tis ſo ſweete a Comedie,
By ſuch vnfitted ſpeech, ſhould hindered be,

A Striſe is growne betweene Vertue and Loue,
While each pretends, that *Stella* may be his:
Her eyes, *her* lips, Loue ſaith that he owes this,
Since they doe weare his badge, moſt firmely proue;
But Vertue thus, that title doth diſproue.
That *Stella*, (O deere name) that *Stella* is,
That vertuous Soule, ſure heyre of heauenly Bliſſe:
Not this faire outſide, which our heart doth moue;
And therefore, though *her* beauty and *her* grace,
Be Loues indeede, in *Stellas* ſelfe he may
By no pretence claime any manner place.
Well Loue, ſince this Demurre our ſute doth ſtaie,
Let Vertue haue that *Stellas* ſelfe, yet thus,
That Vertue but that body graunt to vs.

IN Martiall ſports I had my cunning tryde,
And yet to breake more Staues I did addreſſe
While people ſhoutes: indeede I muſt confeſſe,
Youth, luck, and praiſe, filled my vaines with pride;
When *Cupid* hauing me his ſlaue diſcride,
In *Mars* his liuerie, prauncing in the preſſe,
Now what ſir foole ſaid he (I would no leſſe)

Looke heere I ſay, I lookt, and *Stella* ſpide
Who hard by, through a window ſent her light;
My hart then quakte, then daz'led were my eyes,
One hand forgot to rule, th'other to fight,
No Trumpet ſound I heard, nor freendly cries;
My foe came on, and beate the ayre for mee,
Till that her bluſh, taught me my ſhame to ſee.

BEcauſe I breathe not loue to euery one,
Nor doe not vſe ſette Colours for to weare:
Nor nouriſh ſpeciall locks with vowed haire,
Nor giue each ſpeech a full point of a grone,
The Courtly Nymphes acquainted with the mone
Of them, which in their lips Loues Standard beare:
What he, (ſay they of me) no I dare ſweare,
He cannot loue: no, no, let him alone.
And thinke ſo ſtill, *Stella* know my minde.
Proteſt indeede, I know not *Cupids* dart:
But how faire Maides, at length this truth ſhall find,
That his right badge, is learned in the hart.
Dumbe Swans, not chattering Pyes doe Louers proue,
They loue indeede, who dare not ſay the loue.

FIe ſchoole of Patience, fie, your Leſſon is
Far far too long, to learne it without booke:
What, a whole weeke, and get not halfe a looke?
And thinke I ſhould not your large precepts miſſe,
When I might reade theſe Letters fayre of bliſſe,
Within *her* face each vertue I could brooke,
From what the leaden counſels that I tooke:
As a freende which meant not much amiſſe.
But now alas, that I doe want *her* ſight,
What dooſt thou think that I can euer take,
In thy colde ſtrife, a phlegmatick delight?
No Patience, if thou wilt my good, then make
Her come, and heare with patience my deſire:
And then with patience bid me beare my fire.

MVſes, I oft haue crau'd your holy ayde,
With choiſeſt flowres, my ſpeech t'engarland ſo,
That it diſguiſde, in true (but naked) thow,
Might winne ſome grace in your ſweet skill arraide;
And oft whole troupes of ſaddeſt words I ſaid,
Striuing abroade, a forraging to goe,
Vntill by your inſpiring I might know,
How the blacke banners might be beſt diſplaid.
But I meane now no more your help to proue.
No other ſugering of ſpeech to try,
But on *her* name vneeſſantly to cry.
For let me but name *her* whom I doe loue,
So ſweete ſounde ſtraight my eares and hart doe hit,
That I well finde no eloquence to it.

WOe hauing made with many ſighs his owne
Each ſence of mine; each gift, each power of minde
Grown now his ſlaues, he forſt them out to finde
The throweſt words, fit for Woes ſelfe to grone
Hoping that when they might finde *Stella* alone,
Before *ſhe* could prepare to be vnkind,
Her ſoule (armed with ſuch a daintie rinde,)
Should ſoone be hurt with ſharpnes of the mone,
She heard my plaints, and did not onely heare,
But them ſo ſweet, *ſhe* did moſt ſweetly ſing,
With that faire breſt, making Woes darknes cleere,
My priuie cares I holpe to her to bring,
To tell my griefe, and ſhe with face and voyce,
So ſweetes my paines, that my paines me reioyce.

DOubt there hath beene, when with his golden chaine
The Orator ſo farre mens harts doth bind:
That no place els their giddie ſteps could find;
But as he them more ſlacker ſhort did raine,
Whether with words his ſou'raigntie he gaine,
Clothed with fine tropes as his ſtrongeſt linde,
Or els pronouncing grace, wherewith his minde

Prints his owne forme liuely, in rudeſt brain.
Now iudge by this, in pearcing phraſes late
The Anatomie of all my woes I wrate,
Stellas ſweete breath the ſame to me did reede.
Oh voyce, oh face, mauger my ſpeeches might,
With wooed words, moſt rauiſhing delight,
Euen thoſe ſad words a ioy to me did breede.

DEere, why make you more of a dogge than me?
If he doe loue, alas I burne in loue;
If he waite well, I neuer thence would moue;
If he be faire, yet but a dogge can be;
Little he is, ſo little worth is he.
He barkes, my ſongs in one voice oft doth proue;
Bidden, (perhaps) he fetcheth *thee* a gloue;
But I vnbid, fetch euen my ſoule to *thee*.
Yet while I languiſh, him that boſome clips,
That lap doth lap, nay lets in ſpight of ſpight
This fauning mate taſte of thoſe ſugred lips;
Alas, if *you* graunt onely ſuch delight
To witles things, then Loue I hope, (ſince wit
Becomes a clogge) will ſoone eaſe me of it.

WHen my good Angell guides me to the place,
Where's all my good; I doe in *Stella* ſee,
That Heauenly ioyes throwes onely downe on me
Thundred diſdaines, and Lightning of diſgrace;
But when the ruggedſt ſtep of Fortunes race
Makes me fall from *her* ſight, then ſweetly *ſhe*
With words, wherein the *Muſes* Treaſures be,
Shewes loue and pittie to my abſent caſe.
Now (I with beating long, by hardeſt fate)
So dull am, that I cannot looke into
The ground of this fierce loue, and louing hate;
Then ſome good body tell me how to do,
Whoſe preſence abſence, abſence preſence is:
Bleſt in my curſe, and curſed in my bliſſe.

OFt with true sighes, oft with vncalled teares,
Now with slow words, now with dumbe eloquence,
I *Stellas* eyes assailde, I closde *her* eares,
But this at last is *her* sweetest defence;
That who indeede a sound affection beares,
So captiues to his Saint both soule and mind,
That wholie *Hers*, all selfnes hee forbeares.
Thence his desire he learns, his liues course thence,
Now since this chaste loue hates this loue in mee;
With chastned minde I needes must shew, that shee
Shall quickly me from what she hates remoue.
O Doctor *Cupid*, thou for me reply:
Driuen els to graunt by Angell Sophistry,
That I loue not, without I leaue to loue.

LAte tyr'd with woe, euen ready for to pine
With rage of loue, I call my Loue vnkinde.
Shee in whose eyes, loues fyres vnfelt doe shine,
Sweetlie saide; I true loue in her shoulde finde.
I ioy, but straight thus watred was my wine:
That loue she did, but with a loue not blinde.
Which would not let me, whome she lou'd decline,
From Nobler course, fit for my birth and minde.
And therefore by her loues Authoritie;
Wild me these Tempests of vaine loue to flee:
And Anchor fast my selfe on vertues shore.
Alas if this the onelie mettall be,
Of loue newe coyn'd to helpe my beggery:
Deere, loue me not, that you may loue me more.

OH Grammer rules, oh now your vertues showe,
So Children still read you with awful eyes,
As my younge Doue may in your precepts wise,
Her graunt to me by her owne vertue knowe.
For late with hart most hie, with eyes most lowe;
I crau'd the thing wich euer she denies.
Shee lightning Loue, displaying *Venus* skyes,

Leaſt one ſhould not be heard twiſe, ſaide no no.
Harken, Enuy not at my high triumphing:
But Grammers force with ſweete ſucceſſe confirme,
For Grammer ſayes ah (this deere *Stella* way)
For Grammer ſayes (to Grammer who ſayes nay)
That in one ſpeech, two negatiues affirme,

NO more my deere, no more theſe Counſels try,
NO giue my paſſions leaue to runne their race:
Let Fortune lay on me her worſt diſgrace,
Let Folke orechargde with braine againſt me cry,
Let Cloudes be dimme, my fate bercaues myne eyes,
Let me no ſteps but of loſt labour try,
Let all the earth in ſcorne recount my race;
But doe not will me from my loue to fly.
I doe not enuye *Ariſtotles* wit,
Nor doe aſpire to *Ceſars* bleeding fame:
Nor ought to care though ſome aboue me ſit;
Nor hope nor wiſh an other courſe to frame:
But that which once may winne thy cruell hart,
Thou art my wit; and thou my vertue art.

LOue, by ſure proofe I may call thee vnkinde,
That giues no better eare to my iuſt cryes:
Thou whom to me, ſuch my good turnes ſhouldſt binde,
As I may well account, but cannot priſe.
For when nak'd boy, thou couldſt no harbour finde
In this olde world, (growne now ſo too too wiſe)
I lodg'de thee in my heart; and being blinde,
By nature borne, I gaue to thee my eyes.
Mine eyes, my light, my life my hart alas,
If ſo great ſeruices may ſcorned be:
Yet let this thought thy Tygriſh courage paſſe,
That I perhaps am ſomewhat kin to thee;
Since in thine armes, of Fame moſt truely ſpred,
Thou bearſt the Arrowes, I the Arrowhead.

And

AND doe I see some cause of hope to finde?
Or doth the tedious burthen of long woe
In weakned mindes, quicke apprehension breede
Of euery Image which may comfort showe.
I cannot brag of word, much lesse of deede,
Fortunes windes still with me in one sorte blowe:
My wealth no more, and no whit lesse my neede,
Desier still on stilts of feare doth goe.
And yet amids all feares, a hope there is
Stolne to my hart: since last faire night (nay day)
Stellas eyes sent to me the beames of blisse,
Looking on mee, I looke an other way:
But when mine eyes blacke to their heauen did moue:
They fled with blush, which guiltie seem'd of loue.

HOpe art thou true, or doost thou flatter me?
Doth *Stella* now beginne, with pitteous eye
The raigne of this her conquest to espie?
Will she take time before all wracked be?
Her eye speech is translated thus by thee.
But failste thou not in phrase so heauenly hye?
Looke ore againe, the faire text better prie;
What blushing notes dost thou in Margent see?
What sighes stolne out, or kild before full borne
Hast thou found such and such like arguments?
Or art thou els to comfort me forsworne?
Well how so ere thou doost interpret my contents,
I am resolu'd thy error to maintaine:
Rather than by more trueth to get more paine.

STella, the onely Planet of my light,
Light of my life, and life of my desire,
Chiefe good, whereto my hope doth sole aspire;
World of my wealth and heauen of my delight.
Why doost thou spend the Treasure of thy sprite
With voyce more fit to wed *Amphions* Lyre?
Seeking to quench in me the noble fyre,

Set by thy wrath and kindled by thy ſight.
And all in vaine, for while thy breath ſo ſweete
With choiſeſt words; thy wordes with reaſons rate:
Thy reaſons firmely ſet, are vertues feete,
Labour to kill in me this killing care,
Oh thinke I then, what Paradiſe of ioy
It is, ſo faire a vertue to annoy.

OH ioy, too high for my Loue ſtill lo ſhowe,
Oh bliſſe, fit for a nobler ſeat than mee,
Enuie put out thine eyes, leaſt thou doe ſee,
What *Onans* of delight, in me doth flowe.
My frend that oft ſaw'ſt through all maskes, my woe,
Come, come, and let me powre my ſelfe in thee:
Gone is the winter of my miſerie.
My Spring appeares, loe ſee what heere doth growe,
For *Stella* hath with wordes (where faith doth ſhine)
Of her high hart giuen me the Monarchie:
And *Io*, I may ſay that ſhe is mine.
And though ſhe giue but this condicionally,
This Realme of bleſſe, while vertues courſe I take;
No Kings be Crownd, but they ſome couenant make.

MY Muſe may well grudge at my heauenly ioy,
Yf ſtill I force her thus in woe to weepe:
She oft hath drunke my teares, now hopes t'enioy
Nectar of mirth; ſince I *Ioues Cupid* keepe.
Sonnets be not bound Prentice to annoy,
Trebbles ſing high, ſo well as baſes deepe:
Griefe but Loues winter liuerie, the boy
Hath cheekes to ſmile, ſo well as eyes to weepe.
Come then my Muſe, ſhewe the force of delight
In well raiſde notes; my pen the beſt it may
Shall paint out ioy, though but in blacke and white.
Ceaſe eager Muſe, peace pen, for my ſake ſtay,
I giue you heere my hand, for truth of this:
Wiſe ſilence is beſt Muſique vnto bliſſe.

Who

WHo will in fayreſt booke of nature knowe,
How Vertue may beſt lodgde in Beautie bee,
Let him but learne of loue to read in thee
Stella thoſe faire lines which true Beautie ſhowe.
There ſhall he finde all vices ouerthrowe;
Not by rude force, but ſweeteſt ſoueraigntie
Of reaſon, from whoſe light, the night birdes flie;
That inward Sunne in thine eyes ſhineth ſo.
And not content to be perfections heire,
Thy ſelfe doſt ſtrue all mindes that way to moue:
Who marking thee, which art indeede moſt faire,
See while thy beautie driues my hart to loue,
As faſt thy vertue bendes that loue to good:
But ah, Deſire ſtill cries, giue me ſome food.

DEſire, though thou my olde companion art,
And oft ſo clinges to my pure Loue; that I
One from the other ſcarcely can diſcry:
While each doe blowe the fier of my hart;
Now from thy fellowſhip I needes muſt part.
Venus is taught with *Dians* wings to flye,
I muſt no more in thy ſweet paſſions lye:
Vertues golde now muſt head my *Cupids* dart,
Seruice and houour wonder with delight,
Feare to offend, well worthy to appeare:
Care ſhining in mine eyes, faith in my ſpright,
Theſe thinges are left me by my onely deare.
But thou Deſire, becauſe thou wouldſt haue all:
Now baniſht art, but yet within my call.

LOue ſtill a Boy, and oft a wanton is,
Schoolde onely by his Mothers tender eye:
What wonder then if he his leſſon miſſe,
When for ſo ſoft a rod deare play he trye.
And yet my ſtarre, becauſe a ſugred kiſſe,
In ſport I ſucke, while ſhe a ſleepe doth lye:
Doth lowre, naye chide, nay threat for onely this:

Sweet

Sweet it was saucy loue, that preſt ſo nye.
But no ſcuſe ſerues, ſhe makes her wrath appeare
In Beauties throne, ſee now who dares come neere
Thoſe ſcarlet Iudges, threatning blooddie paine?
O heauenly Foole, thy moſt kiſſe worthy face
Anger inueſts with ſuch a louely grace,
That Angers ſelfe I needes muſt kiſſe againe.

I Neuer dranke of *Aganippe* well,
Nor neuer did in ſhade of *Tempe* ſit:
And Muſes ſcorne with vulgar braines to dwell,
Poore Lay-man I, for ſacred rites vnfit.
Some doe I heare of Poets fury tell,
But God wot, wot not what they meane by it:
And this I ſweare by blackeſt brooke of hell,
I am no Pickepurſe of an others wit.
How falls it then that with ſo ſmooth an eaſe
My thoughts I ſpeake? And what I ſpeake I ſhowe
In verſe; and that my verſe beſt wittes doth pleaſe,
Geſſe we the cauſe. What is it this? fie no.
Or ſo? much leſſe. How then? ſure thus it is;
My Lips are ſure inſpir'd with *Stellas* kiſſe.

OF all the Kings that euer heere did raigne,
Edward namde fourth, as firſt in praiſe I name:
Not for his faire outſide, nor well lim'de braine,
Although leſſe gift, are fethers of high fame.
Not that he could young wiſe, wite valiant frame
His Syres reuenge, ioyne with a kingdomes gaine:
And gaind by *Mars*, could yet make *Mars* ſo tame,
That ballance waide what ſword did late obtaine.
Nor that he made the Flower deluce ſo fraide,
Though ſtrongly hedgde of bloody Lyons pawes:
That wittie *Lewes* to him a tribute paide;
Nor this nor that, nor any ſuch ſmall cauſe,
But onely, for this worthy King durſt proue,
To looſe his Crowne, rather then looſe his Loue.

SHee comes, and straight therewith her shining twins do moue
Their raies to me: who in her tedious absence lay,
Bath'de in cold woe; but now appeares my shining day,
The only light of ioy, the onely warmth of Loue.
Shee comes with light and warmth, which like *Aurora* proue;
Of gentle face, so that my eyes dare gladly play
With such a rosy Morne: whose beames both fresh and gay
Scorch not; but onely doe darke chilling spirits remoue.
But loe, while I doe speake it groweth noone with me,
Her flamy glittering lights increase with time and place:
My heart cryes oh it burnes, mine eyes now dazled be:
No winde, no shade, no coole: what helpe then in my case?
But with short breath, long lookes, staide feete, and waking hed,
Pray that my Sunne goe downe with meeker beames to bed

THose lookes, whose beames my ioy, whose motion is delight,
That face whose lecture shewes what perfect Beautie is:
That presence which doth giue darke hearts a liuing light,
That grace, which *Venus* weepes, that she her selfe did misse.
That hand, which without touch, holdes more than *Atlas* might,
Those lips, which makes deathes pay a meane prise for a kisse:
That skin, whose passing hue scornes this poore tearme of white,
Those words that doe sublime the quintessence of blisse.
That voyce which makes the soule plant himselfe in the eares,
That conuersation sweet, where such high comforts be:
As construd in true speech, the name of heauen it beares.
Makes me in my best thoughts, and quiet iudgements see,
That in no more but this I might be fully blest:
Yet ah, my mayden Muse doth blush to tell the best.

OH how the pleasant ayres, of true Loue bee
Infected by those vapours which arise
From out that noysome gulfe: which gaping lies
Betweene the iawes of hellish ielousy.
A Monster, others harmes, selfe misery.
Beauties plague, Vertues scourge, succour of lyes:

Who his owne ioy to his owne heart applyes,
And onely cheriſh doth with iniuries:
Who ſince he hath by natures ſpeciall grace,
So pearſing pawes as ſpoyle when they embrace,
So nimble feete as ſtirre though ſtill on thornes,
So manie eyes as ſeeking their owne woe.
So ample eares, that neuer good newes knowe,
Is it not ill that ſuch a beaſt wants hornes?

SWeete kiſſe, thy ſweetes I faine would ſweetely indite,
Which euen of ſweetnes, ſweeteſt ſweeter art;
Pleaſing conſort, where each ſence holdeth part,
With coupling Doues guides *Venus* chariot right,
Beſt charge and brau'ſt retraite in *Cupids* fight,
A double key which openeth to the harts,
Moſt ritch when moſt his ritches it impartes.
Neſt of yong ioyes, Scholemaſter of delight,
Teaching the meanes at once to take and giue,
The friendly fray where blows doe wound and heale,
The prettie death while each in other liue,
Poore haps firſt wealth a pledge of promiſde weale,
Breakfaſt of loue, but loe, loe where ſhee is,
Ceaſe we to praiſe, now praie wee for a kiſſe.

SWeet ſwelling lip maiſt thou ſwell in pride,
Since beſt wittes thinke it beſt thee to admire,
Natures praiſe, vertues ſtall, *Cupids* cold fire,
Whence words, not words but heauenly graces ſlyde,
The newe *Pernaſſus* where the Graces byde:
Sweetnes of Muſique, Wiſedomes beautifier,
Breather of life, and faſtneſſe of deſire,
Where Beauties bluſh in Honors graine is dyde.
Thus much my heart my mouth compeld to ſay:
But now, ſpite of my heart my tongue will ſtay
Loathing all lyes, doubting this flattery is,
And no ſpurre can this reſtie race refraine;

Where-

Wherefore to trie if that I ſaid be true,
How can I better proue then with a kiſſe?

O Kiſſe which doth thoſe ruddie gems impart,
Or ioyes or fruits of new found Paradiſe,
Breathing all bliſſe and ſweetnes to the hart,
Teaching dumbe lips a nobler exerciſe.
O kiſſe which ſoules euen ſoules together ties
By linkes of loue, and onely natures Art,
How faine would I paint thee to all mens eies
Or of thy gifts at leaſt ſet out ſome part?
But ſhee forbids, with bluſhing words ſhee ſaies,
Shee builds her fame on higher ſeated praiſe:
But my hart burns, I cannot ſilent be,
Then ſince deare kiſſe you faine would haue me peace,
And I (mad with delight) want wit to ceaſe,
Stop you my mouth with ſtill ſtill kiſſing me.

NYmph of the garden where all beauties be,
Beauties which doe in excellence ſurpaſſe,
His whoſe till death lockt in a watry glaſſe,
Or her whom nak'd the Troian boy did ſee.
Sweete garden Nymph which keepes the Cherry tree,
Whoſe fruit doth far the Heſperian taſte ſurpaſſe,
Moſt ſweete faire, moſt faire ſweete, doe not alaſſe
From comming neere theſe Cherries baniſh mee,
For though full of deſire, emptie of wit,
Admitted late by your beſt graced grace.
I caught at one of them a hungry bit,
Pardon that fault, once more graunt me the place,
And ſo I ſweare by the ſelfe ſame delite,
I will but kiſſe, I neuer more will bite,

GOod brother *Phillip* I haue forborne you long,
I was content you ſhould in fauour creepe,
While craftely you ſeemde your Cut to keepe,

As though that faire ſoft hand did you great wrong:
I beare with enuy, yet I heare your ſong,
When in her necke you did loue ditties peepe,
Nay, (more foole I) oft ſuffred you to ſleepe,
In lillies neſt where Loue ſelfe lies along,
What? doth high place ambitious thoughts augment?
Is ſaucines reward of curteſie?
Cannot ſuch grace your ſilly ſelfe content,
But you muſt needes with thoſe lips billing be?
And through thoſe lips drinke Nectar from that tung,
Leaue that *Syr Philip* leſt your necke be wrung.

HIgh way ſince you my chiefe *Parnaſſus* be,
And that my Muſe to ſome eares not vnmeete,
Tempers her words to trampling horſes feete,
More often than a Chamber melodie,
Now bleſſed you beare onwards bleſſed me,
To her where my heart ſafelieſt ſhall meete,
My Muſe and I muſt you of duety greete,
With thanks and wiſhes wiſhing thankfully;
Be you ſtill carefull kept by publike heede,
By no encrochment wrongd, nor time forgot,
Nor blam'd for bloud, nor ſham'd for ſinfull deede,
And that you know I enuie you no whit,
Of higheſt wiſh, I wiſh you ſo much bliſſe,
Hundreds of yeares you *Stellas* feete may kiſſe.

BEhold my heart the houſe that hee conteins,
Beware full Sailes drowne not thy tottering Barge,
Leaſt ioy by nature apt (ſpirites to enlarge)
Thee to thy wracke beyond thy limits ſtraines,
Nor doe like Lords whoſe weake confuſed braines,
Not pointing to fit folks each vndercharge,
Striue in themſelues each office to diſcharge,
With doing all leaue nothing done but paine,
But giue apt ſeruants their due place; let eies

See beauties totall ſum found in their face,
Let eares heare ſpeach which will to wonder tyes,
Let breath ſuck vp thoſe ſweets, let armes imbrace.

ALas whence comes this change of lookes? If I
Haue chang'd deſerts, let mine owne conſcience be
A ſtill felt plague to ſelfe condemning mee.
Let woe grype on my heart, ſhame load mine eyes:
But if all faith like ſpotles *Ermine* lye
Safe in my ſoule (which onely doth to thee
As his ſoule obiect to felicitie
With wings of Loue in aire of wonder flie.)
Ceaſe your hard hand, threat not ſo hard your ſlaue,
In Iuſtice, pains come not till faults do call:
Or if I needes (ſweet Iudge) muſt torments haue,
Seeke ſome thing elſe to chaſten me withall,
Than thoſe bleſt eyes where all my hopes do dwell,
No doome ſhall make ones Heauen become his Hell.

WHen I was forſt from *Stella* euer deare,
Stella, foode of my thoughts, hurt of my heart,
Stella, whoſe eyes make all my temples cleare,
By *Stellas* lawes, of duetie to impart,
Alas I found that ſhee with mee did ſmart:
I ſawe that teares did in her eyes appeare:
I ſawe that ſighes her ſweeteſt lips did part:
And her ſad wordes my ſad deare ſence did heare.
For mee, I weepe to ſee pearles ſcattered ſo:
I ſighd her ſighes, and wailed for her woe:
Yet ſwamme in ioy ſuch loue in her was ſeene.
Thus while the effect moſt bitter was to me,
And than the cauſe nothing more ſweet could be,
I had beene vext, if vext I had not been e.

OVt Traytour abſence dar'ſt thou counſel mee
From my deare Conquerour to runne away,

Becauſe

Becauſe in braue array here marcheth ſhe
That to entice me profers preſent pay.
Is Faith ſo weake, or is ſuch force in thee?
When Sunne is hid, can Starres ſuch beames diſplay?
Cannot Heauens food once felt keepe ſtomacks free
From baſe deſire on earthly cates to praie?
When abſence with her miſtes obſcures her light,
My Orphane ſence ſlides to the inward ſight:
Where memorie feedes forth the beames of Loue,
That where before heart lou'd and eyes did ſee,
In heart my ſight and Loue both coupled bee,
Vnited powers make each the ſtronger proue.

NOw that of abſence the moſt yrkſome night,
With darkeſt ſhade doth ouercome the day:
Since *Stellaes* eyes that wont giue me my day,
Leauing my *Hemiſphere* orecaſt with night,
Each day ſeemes long, and longs for long ſtaide night;
The night as tedious, wooes th'approch of day:
Toyled with duſtie toyles of buſie day,
Languiſht with horrors of the ſilent night,
Suffering the euils both of day and night,
While no night is more darke than is my day,
Nor no day hath leſſe quiet than my night:
With ſuch bad mixture of my night and day,
That liuing thus in blackeſt Winter night,
I feele the gleames of hotteſt Sommers day.

STella, thinke not that I by verſe ſeeke fame,
Who ſeeke, who hope, who loue, who like, but thee:
Thine eyes my pride, thy lips my hiſtorie,
If thou praiſe me, all other praiſe is ſhame,
Nor ſo ambitious am I, as to frame
A neſt for my yong praiſe in Lawrell tree,
In trueth I ſweare, I wiſh not there ſhould be
Grauen in my Epitaph a Poets name.

Not

Nor if I would could I iuſt title make
That any laud thereof to me ſhould growe
Without my Payns from others wings I take;
For nothing from my wit or will doth flowe:
Since all my words thy beautie doth indite,
And Loue doth hold my hand, and makes me write.

STella, while now by honours cruell might,
I am from you (light of my light) miſled,
And whiles faire you, my Sunne thus ouerſpred
With abſence vaile I liue in ſorrowes night
If this darke place yet ſhew by candle light
Some Beauties peece, as Amber colourd hed,
Milke hands, roſe cheeks, or lips more ſweet, more red
Or ſeeming iet black, yet in blacknes bright.
They pleaſe I doe confeſſe, they pleaſe mine eyes,
But why? becauſe of you they models be;
Models ſuch be wood globes of gliſtering skyes:
Deare therefore be not iealous ouer me,
If you heare that they ſeeme my heart to moue,
Not them, no no, but you in them I loue.

BE your words made (good ſir) of *Indian* ware,
That you allow them me by ſo ſmall rate,
Or doe you the *Caconians* imitate;
Or doe you meane my tender eares to ſpare,
That to my queſtions you ſo totall are?
When I demaund of Phœnix *Stellaes* ſtate,
You ſay (forſooth) you left her well too late.
O God, thinke you that ſatisfies my care?
I would know whether ſhe did ſit or walke:
How cloathd: how waited on: ſighd ſhe or ſmilde:
Whereof: with whom: how often did ſhe talke:
With what paſtimes, times iorneys ſhe beguilde?
If her lips daine to ſweeten my poore name?
Say all; and all well ſaid: ſay ſtill the ſame.

O fate

O Fate or fault, O curſt child of my bliſſe,
What ſobs can giue wordes grace my griefe to ſhow?
What inke is black enough to paint my woe?
Through mee, wretch mee, euen *Stella* vexed is:
Yet Trueth, if Caitiues breath might call thee his,
Witnes with mee, that I foole ſtumbling fell:
For careleſnes did in no manner growe,
But wit confuſde with too much care didmiſſe.
And do I then my ſelfe this vaine ſcuſe giue:
I do ſweet Loue, and knowe this harmed thee.
The world quit me, ſhal I my ſelfe forgiue?
Onely with paines thy paines thus eaſed be:
That all thy hurtes in my hearts wracke I reed
I crye thy ſighs (my deare) thy teares I bleed.

GReeſe find the words, for thou haſt made my vaine
So darke with miſtie vapours which ariſe
From out thy heauie mould, that euen mine eyes
Can ſcarce diſcerne the ſhape of mine owne paine:
Do thou then (for thou canſt) do thou complaine
For my poore ſoule which wit that ſicknes tries,
Which euen to ſence, ſence of it ſelfe denies,
Though harbengers of death and of his traine,
The execution of my fate forbeares,
As of a Caitife not vouchſaft to die:
Yet ſhewe thy hate of life in liuing teares:
That though in wretchednes thy life doth lie,
Thou maiſt more wretched be than nature beares:
As being plaſt in ſuch a wretch as I.

YFt ſighes, deare ſighes, indeede true friends you are,
That do not leaue your beſt friend at the wurſt;
But as you with my breſt I oft haue nurſt:
So gratefull now you wait vpon my care.
Faint coward Ioye, no longer tarrie dare,
Seeing hope did yeeld when this woe ſtrake him firſt,

Delight exclaims he is for my fault curst,
Although my mate in Armes himselfe he sware,
Nay Sorrow in as great a rage as hee,
Kills his owne children-Teares, finding that they
By Loue were made apt to consort with mee,
Onely true Sighes, you do not go away:
Thank may you haue for such a thankfull part:
Thank worthiest yet, when you shall breake my heart.

THough with good cause thou lik'st so well the night,
Since kind or chaunce giues both one libertie,
Both sadly blacke, both blackly darkned be:
Night bard from Sunne, thou from thine owne Sunnes light
Silence in both displaies his sullen might:
Slowe Heauens in both do hold the one degree,
That full of doubts, thou of perplexitie:
Thy teares expresse nights native moysture right,
In both a wofull solitarines:
In night of Spirits the gastly power sturre,
And in our spirites are Spirits gastlines:
But but (alas) nights sights the ods hath furre,
For that at length inuites vs to some rest,
Thou though still tyr'd, yet still dost it detest.

Dian that faine would cheare her frind the Night,
Doth shewe her oft at full her fairest face,
Bringing with her those starrie Nymphs, whose chace
From heauenly standing hurts eche mortall wight.
But ah poore Night in loue with *Phœbus* light,
And endlesly dispairing of his grace,
Herselfe to shewe no other ioy hath place,
Sylent and sad in mourning weeds doth dight:
Euen so (alas) a Ladie *Diane* peere,
With choise delight and rarest company,
Would faine driue clouds from out my heauie cheere:

But woe is me though ioy her ſelfe were ſhe,
She could not ſhew my blind braine waies of ioy
VVhile I deſpaire my Sunnes light to enioy.

AH bed the field where ioyes peace ſome doe ſee:
The field where all my thoughts to war be traind,
How is thy grace by my ſtrange fortune ſtand?
How thy low ſhrowdes by my ſighs ſtormed be?
VVith ſweet ſoft ſhades thou oft inuiteſt mee
To ſteale ſome reſt, but wretch I am conſtrained,
Spurd with Loues ſpur, this held and ſhortly rained
VVith Cares hard hand, to turne and toſſe in thee,
VVhile the black horrors of the ſilent night,
Paint Woes black face ſo liuely in my ſight,
That tedious leaſure markes each wrinckled line:
But when *Aurora* leades out *Phœbus* daunce,
Mine eyes then onely winke for ſpite perchance,
That wormes ſhould haue their Sunne & I want mine.

WHen farre ſpent night perſwades each mortal eie,
To whome nor Art nor Nature graunted light:
To laye his then marke wanting ſhaftes of ſight,
Clos'd with their quiuers in Sleeps armorie;
With windowes ope then moſt my heart doth lye
Viewing the ſhape of darknes and delight,
And takes that ſad hue, which with inward might
Of his mazde powres he keepes iuſt harmony:
But when birds chirp, aire, and ſweete aire which is
Mornes meſſenger with roſe enameld skyes,
Calls each wight to ſalute the heauen of bliſſe;
Intombde of lids then buried are mine eyes,
Forſt by their Lord who is aſhamde to finde
Such light in ſence with ſuch a darkned minde.

OH teares, no teares, but ſhoures from beauties ſkies,
Making thoſe Lillies and thoſe Roſes growe,

VVhich

Which aie moſt faire now fairer needs muſt ſhow,
While gratefull pitty Beauty beautifies,
Oh minded ſighs, that from that breaſt doe riſe,
Whoſe pants doe make vnſpilling Creame to flow,
Winged with woes breath ſo doth *Zephire* blow
As might refreſh the hel where my ſoule fries,
Oh plaints conſeru'd in ſuch a ſugred phraſe,
That eloquence enuies, and yet doth praiſe,
While ſigh'd out words a perfect muſick giue:
Such teares, ſighs, plaints, no ſorrow is, but ioy;
Or if ſuch heauenly ſighs muſt proue annoy,
All mirth farewell, let me in ſorrow liue.

Stella is ſicke, and in that ſick-bed lyes
Sweetenes, that breathes and pants as oft as ſhe:
And Grace ſick too, ſuch fine concluſions tries,
That Sicknes brings it ſelfe beſt grac'd to bee,
Beautie is ſicke, but ſick in ſuch faire guiſe,
That in that palenes Beauties white we ſee,
And Ioy which is vnſeuer'd from thoſe eyes.
Stella now learns, (ſtrange caſe) to weepe with me,
Loue moues thy paine and like a faithful page,
All thy looks ſturre, runs vp and downe to make
All folkes preſt at thy will thy paine to ſwage,
Nature with care ſeeks for hir darlings ſake,
Knowing worlds paſſe, ere ſhe enough can finde
Of ſuch heauen ſtuffe to cloath ſo heauenly minde.

VVHere be thoſe Roſes, which ſo ſweetned earſt our eyes,
VVhere be thoſe red cheekes, which faire increaſe did frame,
No hight of honor in the kindly badge of ſhame,
VVho hath the crimſon weeds ſtolne from the morning skies?
How doth the colour fade of thoſe vermillion eies,
VVhich Nature ſelfe did make and ſelfe engraue the ſame?
I would know by what right this palenes ouercame
That hue, whoſe force my heart in ſo great thraldome ties?
Gallens adopted ſonnes, who by a beaten way

Their iudgements hackney on, the fault of ſicknes lay:
But feeling proofe makes me ſay, they miſtake it ſure,
It is but loue that makes this paper perfect white,
To write therein more freſh the ſtorie of *Delight*,
Whiles Beauties reddeſt incke *Venus* for him doth ſtir.

O Happie *Thames* that didſt my *Stella* beare,
I ſaw thee with full many a ſmiling line
Vpon thy cheerefull face, *ſtraight* Liuery weare:
While thoſe faire Planets on thy ſtreames did ſhine,
The boat for ioy could not to dance forbeare,
While wanton winds with beautie ſo diuine
Rauiſht, ſtaid not, till in her golden haire
They did themſelues (O ſweeteſt priſon) twine.
But faine thoſe friendly windes there would their ſtay
Haue made, but forſt by nature ſtill to flie,
Firſt did with puffing kiſſe thoſe Lockes diſplay:
She ſo diſcouered, bluſht. From window I
With ſight thereof cride out; Ah faire diſgrace,
Let honours ſelfe to thee graunt higheſt place.

E Nuious wits what hath been mine offence,
That with ſuch poyſoned care my wits you marke,
That to each word, nay ſigh of mine you harke,
As grudging me my ſorrowes eloquence?
Ah, is it not enough, that I am thence?
Thence, ſo farre thence, that ſcantly any ſparke
Of comfort dare come to this dungeon darke,
Where rigorous exile lookes vp all my ſenſe:
But if I by a happie window paſſe,
If I but Starres vpon mine Armour beare,
Sicke, thirſtie, glad (though but of empty glaſſe)
Your morals note ſtraight my hid meaning there,
From out my ribs a whirlewinde proues that I
Doe *Stella* loue ſooles, who doth it deny?

VNhappie ſight and hath ſhe vaniſht by,
So neere, in ſo good time ſo free a place,
Dead glaſſe doſt thou thine obiect ſo imbrace,
As what my heart ſtill ſees thou canſt not ſpie,
I ſweare by her Loue and my lacke, that I
Was not in fault that bent my dazling race
Onely vnto the heauen of *Stellaes* face,
Counting but duſt that in her way did lie:
But ceaſe mine eyes, your teares doe witnes well,
That you guiltles therefore your necklace miſt,
Curſt be the Page from whom the bad torch fell,
Curſt be the night which did your will reſiſt.
Curſt be the Cochman that did driue ſo faſt,
With no leſſe curſe then abſence makes me taſt.

O Abſence preſence *Stella* is not here,
Falſe flattering hope that with ſo faire a face,
Bare me in hand that in this Orphane place,
Stella I ſaw, my *Stella* ſhould appeare,
What ſaiſt thou now, where is that dainty cleare
Thou wouldſt mine eyes ſhould helpe their famiſht eaſe:
But how art thou? now that ſelfe felt diſgrace
Doth make me moſt to wiſh thy comfort nere.
But heere I doe ſtore of faire Ladies meete,
Who may with charme of conuerſation ſweet,
Make in my heauie mould new thoughts to grow:
Sure they preuaile as much with me, as he
That bad his friend but then new maimed to be
Merrie with him, and ſo forget his woe.

STella ſince thou ſo right a Princeſſe art
Of all the Powers which life beſtowe on me,
That ere by them ought vndertaken be,
They firſt reſort vnto that ſoueraigne part;
Sweete for a time giue reſpite to my heart,
Which pants as though it ſtill ſhould leape to thee:

And on my thought giue the Lieutenancie
To this great cauſe, which needes both wit and Art,
And as a Queene who from her preſence ſends
Whom ſhe employes, diſmiſſe from thee my wit,
Still to haue wrought that thy owne will attends,
For ſeruants ſhame of Maiſters blame doth fit.
O let not Fooles in me thy works approue,
And ſcorning ſay, ſee what it is to loue.

WHen ſorrow (vſing my owne Siers might)
Melts downe his lead into my boyling breſt,
Through that darke Furnace of my heart oppreſt,
There ſhines a ioy from thee my onely light:
But ſoone as thought of thee breeds my delight,
And my yong ſoule once flutters to her neſt,
Moſt dead diſpaire my daily vnbidden gueſt
Clips ſtrait my wings, ſtrait wraps me in his night,
And makes me then bow downe my head and ſay,
Ah what doth *Phœbus* gold that wretch auaile
Whom Iron darts doth keepe from vſe of daie,
So ſtrangely (alas) thy works on me preuaile,
That in my woes for thee, thou art my ioy;
And in my ioyes for thee, my onel' anoy.

Other Sonnets of variable verse.

First Sonnet.

DOubt you to whom my Muse these notes intendeth,
Which now my breſt surchargde with muſick lendeth?
To *you*, to *you* all ſong of praiſe is due,
Onely in *you* my ſong begins and endeth.

2 Who hath the eyes which marrie ſtate with pleaſure,
Who keepes the key of Natures chiefeſt treaſure:
To *you*, to *you* all ſong of praiſe be due,
Onely for *you* the heauens forget all meaſure.

3 Who hath the lips where wit with fairenes raigneth,
Who womenkinde at once both decks and ſtaineth:
To *you*, to *you* all ſong of praiſe is due,
Onely by *you Cupid* his crowne maintaineth.

4 VVho hath the feete, whoſe ſteps all ſweetnes planteth,
VVho elſe for whom Fame worthie trumpets wanteth:
To *you*, to *you* all ſong of praiſe is due,
Onely to *you* her ſcepter *Venus* granteth.

5 VVho hath the breſt whoſe milke doth patience nouriſh,
VVhoſe grace is ſuch, that when it chides doth cheriſh:
To *you*, to *you* all ſong of praiſe is due,
Onely through *you* the tree of life doth flouriſh.

6 VVho hath the hand which without ſtroke ſubdueth,
VVho long hid beautie with encreaſe renueth:
To *you*, to *you* all ſong of praiſe is due,
Onely at *you* all enuie hopeleſſe endeth.

7 VVho hath the haire which moſt looſe moſt faſt tieth,
VVho makes a man liue then glad when he dieth:

To *you*, to *you* all ſong of praiſe is due,
Onely of *you* the flattrer neuer lieth.

8 Who hath the voyce which ſoule from ſenſes ſunders,
Whoſe force but yours the bolt of beautie thunders?
To *you*, to *you* all ſong of praiſe is due,
Onely with *you* no miracles are wonders.

9 Doubt you to whom my Muſe theſe notes intendeth,
Which now my breaſt orecharged with muſicke lendeth?
To *you*, to *you* all ſong of praiſe is due,
Onely in *you* my ſong begins and endeth.

Second Sonnet.

HAue I caught my heauenly Iuell
Teaching ſleepe moſt faire to be?
Now will I teach her, that ſhe
When ſhe wakes is too too cruell.

2 Since ſweete Sleepe her eyes hath charmed,
The two onely darts of Loue:
Now will I with that Boy proue
Some play while he is diſarmed.

3 Her tongue waking ſtill refuſeth,
Giuing frankly niggard no:
Now will I attempt to know,
What now her tongue ſleeping vſeth.

4 See the hand that waking gardeth,
Sleeping grants a free reſort:
Now I will inuade the fort,
Cowards Loue with loſſe rewardeth.

5 But (O foole) thinke of the danger
Of her iuſt and high diſdaine

Now will I (alas) refraine
Loue feares nothing elſe but anger.

6 Yet thoſe lippes ſo ſweetly ſwelling,
Doe inuite a ſtealing kiſſe;
Now but venture will I this,
VVho will read muſt firſt learne ſpelling.

7 Oh ſweet kiſſe, but ah ſhe is waking,
Lowring beautie chaſtens mee.
Now will I for feare hence flee,
Foole, more Foole for no more taking:

Third Sonnet.

IF *Orpheus* voyce had force to breathe ſuch muſicks Loue
Through pores of ſenſeles trees, as it could make them moue;
If ſtones good meaſure daunſt the *Thebane* walls to builde,
To cadence of the tunes which *Amphions* Lyre did yeeld,
More cauſe a like effect at leaſt wiſe bringeth:
O ſtones, O trees, learne hearing, *Stella* ſingeth.

2 If Loue might ſweeten ſo a boy of Shepheards brood,
To make a Lyzard dull to taſte Loues food:
If Eagle fierce could ſo in *Grecian* maide delight,
As her eyes were his light, her death his endleſſe night,
Earth gaue that Loue, heauen (I trow) Loue refineth,
O Beaſts, O Birds, looke Loue; for *Stella* ſhineth.

3 The beaſts, birds, ſtones and trees feele this, and feeling loue:
And if the trees, nor ſtones ſtirre not the ſame to proue,
Nor beaſts, nor birds doo come vnto this bleſſed gaze;
Know that ſmall Loue is quick, and great Loue doth amaze;
They are amaz'd, but you with reaſon armed,
O eyes O eares of men, how are you charmed?

Fourth Sonnet.

ONely *Ioy* now here you are,
Fit to heare and eaſe my care;
Let my whiſpering voyce obtaine
Sweete rewards for ſharpeſt paine:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No no no no, my Deare let be.

2 Night hath cloſde all in her cloke,
Twinckling ſtarres loue thoughts prouoke,
Danger hence good care doth keepe,
Iealouzie himſelfe doth ſleepe:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No no no no, my Deare let be.

3 Better place no wit can finde
Cupids knot to looſe or binde,
Theſe ſweete flowers, our fine bed too,
Vs in their beſt language wooe:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No no no no, my Deare let be.

4 This ſmall light the Moone beſtoes,
Serues thy beames for to diſcloſe,
So to raiſe my heart more hie:
Feare not, elſe none can vs ſpie:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No no no no, my Deare let be.

5 That you heard was but a mouſe,
Dumbe ſleepe holdeth all the houſe,
Yet a ſleepe (me thinkes) they ſay,
Yong fooles, take time while you may:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No no no no, my Deare let be.

6 Niggard time threates if we miſſe

This large offer of our bliſſe,
Long ſtay ere ſhe graunt the ſame:
Sweet then, while each thing doth frame
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No no no no, my Deare let be.

7 Your faire Mother is a bed,
Candles out, and curtaines ſpred;
She thinkes you doe letters write:
VVrite, but firſt let me endite.
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No no no no, my Deare let be.

8 Sweete, alas why ſtriue you thus?
Concord better fitteth vs;
Leaue to *Mars* the force of hands,
Your power in your beautie ſtands.
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No no no no, my Deare let be.

9 VVoe to me, and doo you ſweare,
Me to hate but I forbeare?
Curſt be my deſtinies all,
That brought me ſo high to fall:
Soone with my death Ile pleaſe thee.
No no no no, my Deare let be.

The fifth Sonnet.

WHile fauour fed my hope, delight with hope was brought,
Thought waited on delight, and ſpeach did follow thought,
Then drew my tongue and pen records vnto thy glorie;
I thought all words were loſt that were not ſpent of thee,
I thought each place was darke but where thy lights would be,
And all eares worſe than deaffe, that heard not out thy ſtorie.

2 I ſaid thou wert moſt faire, and ſo indeed thou art;
I ſaid thou wert moſt ſweete, ſweete poyſon to my hart;

I said my soule was thine, O would I then had lied;
I said thy eyes were starres thy breasts the milken way,
Thy fingers *Cupids* shafts, thy voyce the Angels lay:
And all is said so well, that no man it denied.

3 But now that hope is lost, vnkindnes kils delight,
Yet thought and speech do liue, thought metamorphisde quite,
For rage now rules the reynes, which guided were by pleasure,
I thinke now of thy faults, who late wrote of thy praise,
That speech falls now to blame which did thy honor raise:
The same key open can, which can locke vp a treasure.

4 Then thou whom partiall heauens conspir'd in one to frame
The proofe of beauties worke, the inheritance of fame,
The mansion state of blisse, and iust excuse of louers:
See now those feathers pluck wherewith thou flewst most hie,
See what cloudes of reproach shall darke thy honours skie;
Whome fault once casteth downe, hardly high state recouers.

5 And O my Muse, though oft you luld her in your lap,
And then a heauenly Childe gaue her Ambrosian pap,
And to that braine of hers your highest gifts infused;
Since she disdaining me, both you in me disdaine,
Suffer not her to laugh, and both we suffer paine:
Princes in subiects wrongs must deeme themselues abused.

6 Your client poore, my selfe, shall *Stella* handle so,
Reuenge, reuenge, my Muse defiance trumpet blowe,
Threat, threat, what may be done; yet do no more but threaten:
Ah, my sute granted is, I feele my breast doth swell;
Now Childe, a lesson new you shall begin to spell,
Sweet babes must babies haue, but shrewd girles must be beaten.

7 Thinke now no more to heare of warme fine shining snow,
Nor blushing Lillyes, nor pearles Rubie hidden row,
Nor of that golden sea, whose waues in curles are broken:
But of thy soule fraught with such vngratefulnesse,

As where thou soon might'st helpe, most there thou dost oppresse,
Vngratefull who is calde, the worst of ills is spoken.

8 Yet worse than worse, I say thou art a Thiefe A thiefe,
Now God forbid: a thiefe, and of worst thieues a thiefe;
Thieues steale for need, and steale for goods, which paine recouers:
But *thou*, rich in allioyes, dost rob my goods from mee,
Which cannot be restorde by time nor industrie:
Of foes the spoyle is euill, farre more of constant loues.

9 Yet gentle English thieues doo rob, and will not slay;
Thou English murdring thiefe, wilt haue hearts for thy pray.
The name of murdrer now on thy faire forhead fitteth,
And euen while I do speake my death wounds bleeding bee,
Which I protest proceed from onely cruell thee,
Who may and will not saue, murther in trueth committeth.

10 But murthers priuate fault seemes but a toy to thee.
I lay them to thy charge vniustice Tirannie,
If rule by force without all claime a Tyrant sheweth;
For thou art my hearts Lord, who am not borne thy slaue,
And which is worse makes me most guiltles torments haue,
A rightfull prince by vnrightfull deeds a Tyrant groweth.

11 Loe you grow proud with this, for Tyrants makes folk bow:
Of foule rebellion then I do appeach thee now,
Rebels by Natures lawes rebel by way of reason;
Thou sweetest subiect wert borne in the Realme of Loue,
And yet against thy Prince, thy force dost daily proue,
No vertue merits praise, once touche with blot of Treason.

12 But valiant Rebels oft in fooles mouths purchase fame,
I now then staine thy white with blackest blot of shame,
Both Rebel to the Sonne, and vagrant from the Mother;
For wearing *Venus* badge, in euery part of thee,
Vnto *Dianaes* traine thou runaway didst flie:
Who faileth one is false, though true to another.

13 What is not this enough nay farre worse commeth heere:
A *Witch* I say thou art, though thou so faire appeare.
For I protest, mine eyes neuer thy sight enioyeth,
But I in mee am chang'd, I am aliue and dead.
My feete are turn'd to rootes, my heart becommeth lead.
No witchcraft is so ill, as which mans minde destroyeth.

14 Yet Witches may repent, thou art farre worse than they:
Alas, that I am forst such euill of thee to say:
I say thou art a Diuell though cloathd in Angels shining:
For thy face tempts my soule to leaue the heauens for thee,
And thy words of refuse doo powre euen hell on mee:
Who tempts, and tempted plagues art Diuels in true defining.

15 You then vngratefull theefe, you murthering Tyrant you,
You Rebell runnaway, to Lord and Lady vntrue,
You witch, you Diuell (alas) you still of me beloued,
You see what I can say; mend yet your froward minde,
And such skill in my Muse you reconcil'd shall finde,
That by these cruell words your praises shalbe proued.

The sixth Sonnet.

O You that heare this voice,
O you that see this face,
Say whether of the choice,
Deserues the better place,
Feare not to iudge this bate,
For it is voide of hate.

2 This side doth Beautie take,
For that doth Musicke speake,
Fit Orators to make,
The strongest iudgements weake,
The barre to plead the right,
Is onely true delight.

3 Thus doth the voyce and face,

The

The gentle Lawiers wage,
Like louing brothers case,
For Fathers heritage,
That each while each contends,
It selfe to other lends.

4 For Beautie beautifies
With heauenly view and grace,
The heauenly harmonies:
And in this faultles face
The perfect beauties,
A perfect harmonie.

5 Muficke more lustie swels
In speeches noblie placed,
Beautie as farre excels
In actions aptly graced.
A friend each partie drawes,
To countenance his cause.

6 Loue more affected seemes
To Beauties louely light
And Wonder more esteemes
Of Muficks wondrous might;
But both to both so bent,
As both in both are spent.

7 Muficke doth witnes call
The eare, his truth to trie:
Beauty brings to the hall
The iudgement of the eie.
Both in their obiects such,
As no exceptions tuch.

8 The common Sense which might
Be arbitrer of this
To be forsooth vpright,

To both sides partiall is:
He laiés on this chiefe praise,
Chiefe praise on that he laies.

9 Then reason Princesse hie,
Whose throne is in the minde;
Which Musicke can in skie,
And hidden Beauties finde:
Say, whether thou wilt crowne
With limitlesse renowne.

The seuenth Sonnet.

WHose senses in so euill comfort their step dame Nature laies,
That rauishing delight in them most sweete tunes doth not (raise,
Or if they doe delight therein yet are so cloid with wit,
As with sententious lips to set a little vaine on it:
O let them heare these sacred tunes, & learne in wonders scholes,
To be (in things past bounds of wit) fooles, if they be not fooles.

Who haue so leaden eyes, as not to see sweete Beauties showe:
Or seeing, haue so wooden wits as not that worth to knowe;
Or knowing, haue so muddie mindes, as not to be in loue;
Or louing, hath so frothie hearts, as easie thence to moue:
O let them see these heauenly beams, and in faire letters reed
A lesson, fit both sight and skill, Loue and firme Loue to breed.

3 Heare then, but then with wonder heare; see, but admiring see;
No mortal gifts, no earthly frutes now here discerned bee:
See doo you see this face: a face, nay image of the skies,
Of which, the two life-giuing light are figured in her eies
Heare you this soule-inuading voyce, & count it but a voyce,
The verie essence of their tunes, when angels doo reioyce.

The eight.

IN a groue most rich of shade;
Where birds wanton Musicke made:

Maie then young his pide weeds shewing,
New parfumes with flowrs fresh growing.

2 *Astrophell* with *Stella* sweete,
Did for mutuall comfort meete:
Both within themselues oppressed,
But either in each other blessed.

3 Him great harmes had taught much care,
Her faire necke a foule yoke bare:
But hir sight his cares did banish,
In his sight hir yoke did vanish.

4 Wept they had, alas the while!
But now teares themselues did smile,
While their eyes by Loue directed,
Interchangeablie reflected.

5 Sighd they had: but now betwixt
Sighs of woe were glad sighs mixt:
With armes crost, yet restifying
Restles rest, and liuing dying.

6 Their eares hungrie of each word,
Which the deare tongue would afford,
But their tongues restraind from walking,
Till their harts had ended talking.

7 But when their tongues could not speak,
Loue it selfe did silence breake:
Loue did see his lips asunder
Thus to speake in loue and wonder.

8 *Stella*, Soueraigne of my ioy,
Faire Triumphres in annoy:
Stella, Starre of heauenly fire,
Stella, loadstarre of desire.

9 *Stella*, in whose shining eyes
Are the lights of *Cupids* skyes,
Whose beames where they are once darted,
Loue there with is straight imparted.

10 *Stella*, whose voyce when it speakes,
Senses all asunder breakes:
Stella, whose voyce when it singeth,
Angels to acquaintance bringeth,

11 *Stella*, in whose bodie is
Writ the characters of blis:
Whose sweete face all beautie passeth,
Saue the minde which it surpasseth,

12 Graunt, O graunt, but speach (alas)
Failes me, fearing on to passe:
Graunt to me, what am I saying?
But no sinne there is in praying.

13 Graunt (O Deare) on knees I pray
(Knees on ground he then did stay)
That not I, but since I proue you,
Time and place from me nere moue you.

14 Neuer season was more fit,
Neuer roome more apt for it:
Smiling aire allowes my reason:
These birds sing; now vse the season.

15 This small winde which so sweete is,
See how it the leaues doth kis;
Each tree in his best attyring,
Sence of Loue to Loue inspiring.

16 Loue makes earth the water drinke,
Loue to earth makes water sink,

And if dumb things be ſo wittie,
Shall a heauenly Grace want pittie?

17 There his hands in their ſpeach faine
Would haue made tongues language plaine:
But her hands his hands compelling,
Gaue repulſe, all grace expelling.

18 Therewithall, away ſhe went,
Leauing him with paſſion rent,
With what ſhe had done and ſpoken,
That therewith my ſong is broken.

The ninth Sonnet.

GOe my Flocke, goe get you hence,
Seeke a better place of feeding,
Where you may haue ſome defence
From the ſtormes in my breaſt bleeding
And ſhowres from mine eyes proceeding.

2 Leaue a wretch in whom all woe,
Can abide to keepe no meaſure;
Merrie Flocke, ſuch one forgoe,
Vnto whom mirth is diſpleaſure,
Onely rich in meaſures treaſure.

3 Yet alas before you goe,
Heare your wofull Maſters ſtorie,
Which to ſtones I elſe would ſhowe;
Sorrow onely then hath glorie.
When tis excellently ſorie.

4 *Stella*, faireſt Shepheardeſſe,
Faireſt, but yet cruelſt euer;
Stella, whom the heauens ſtill bleſſe,
Though againſt me ſhe perſeuer,
Though I bliſſe inherit neuer.

5 *Stella* hath refuſed mee,
Stella, who more loue hath proued
In this caitiffe hart to bee,
Than can in good to vs be moued
Towards Lambkins beſt beloued.

6 *Stella* hath refuſed mee
Aſtrophell that ſo well ſerued.
In this pleaſant Spring (Muſe) ſee,
While in pride flowers be preſerued,
Himſelfe onely, winter ſtarued.

7 Why (alas) then doth ſhe ſweare
That ſhe loueth me ſo deerly;
Seeing me ſo long to beare
Coales of loue that but ne ſo cleerly:
And yet leaue me hopeleſſe meerly.

8 Is that loue? forſooth I trow,
If I ſaw my good dog grieued,
And a helpe for him did know,
My loue ſhould not be beleeued,
But he were by me releeued.

9 No, ſhe hates me (welaway)
Fayning loue, ſomewhat to pleaſe me;
Knowing, if ſhe ſhould diſplay
All her hate, death ſoone would ſeaze me,
And of hideous torments eaſe me.

10 Then my deare Flocke now adieu:
But alas, if in your ſtraying
Heauenly *Stella* meete with you,
Tell her in your piteous blaying
Here poore Slaues iuſt decaying.

The tenth Sonnet.

O Deere Life, when shall it bee,
That mine eyes thine eyes shall see,
And in them thy mind discouer,
Whether absence haue had force,
Thy remembrance to diuorce
From the image of thy Louer?

2 O if I my selfe finde not
By thine absence oft forgot,
Nor debard from Beauties treasure,
Let no tongue aspire to tell
In what high ioyes I shall dwell,
Onely thought aimes at the pleasure.

3 Thought therefore will I send thee
To take vp the place for mee
Long I will not after tarrie:
There vnseene, thou maist be bold
Those faire wonders to behold,
Which in them my hopes do carye.

4 Thought, see thou no place forbeare,
Enter brauely euerie where,
Seaze on all to her belonging:
But if thou wouldst garded bee,
Fearing her beames, take with thee
Strength of liking, rage of longing.

5 O my Thoughts, my Thoughts surcease,
Your delights my woes encrease,
My life fleetes with too much thinking:
Thinke no more, but die in mee,
Till thou shalt receiued bee,
At her lips my *Nectar* drinking.

Finis Syr P. S.

Poems and Sonnets of ſundrie other Noblemen and Gentlemen.

The Author of this Poeme. S. D.

GOe wayling verſe the infant of my loue,
Minerua like, brought forth without a mother:
That beares the image of the cares I proue;
Witneſſe your fathers griefe exceeds all other.

Sigh out a ſtorie of her cruell deeds
With interrupted accents of diſpaire,
A monument that whoſoeuer reedes,
May iuſtly praiſe and blame my loueles *Faire.*

Say her diſdaine hath dried vp my blood,
And ſterued you in ſuccours ſtill denying,
Preſſe to her eyes, importune me ſome good,
Waken her ſleeping crueltie with crying,
Knock at her hard hart: ſay, I periſh for her,
And feare this deed will make the world abhor her.

Sonnet 1.

IF ſo it hap the Offſpring of my care,
Theſe fatall anthemes and afflicted ſongs
Come to their view who like to me doe fare,
May moue them ſigh thereat and mone my wrongs.

But vntoucht hearts with vnaffected eye,
Approach not to behold my ſoules diſtreſſe,

Cleere

Cleere ſighted you will note what is awry,
Whilſt blind ones ſee no error in my verſe,

You blinded ſoules whom hap and error leades,
You outcaſt Eglets dazeled with the Sunne,
Ah you and none but you my ſorrow reads,
You beſt can iudge the wrong that ſhee hath done;
That ſhee hath done, the motiue of my paine,
Who whilſt I loue doth kill me with diſdaine.

Sonnet, 2.

THeſe ſorrowing ſighs, the ſmokes of mine annoy;
Theſe teares, which heere of ſacred fire diſtills:
Theſe are the tributes that my faith doth pay,
And theſe my tyrants cruell minde fulfills.

I ſacrifice my youth and blooming yeares
At hir proud feete, that yet reſpects no whit
My youth, vntimely withered with my teares
By winter woes, for ſpring of youth vnfit.

She thinkes, a looke may recompence my care;
And ſo with lookes prolongs my long lookt eaſe:
As ſhort the bliſſe, ſo is the comfort rare;
Yet muſt that bliſſe my hungrie thoughts appeaſe,
Thus ſhe returnes my hopes to fruitleſſe euer;
Once let her loue indeed, or eye me neuer.

Sonnet 3.

THe onely birde alone that Nature frames,
When weary of the tedious life ſhee liues,
By fier dies, yet finds new life in flames,
Her aſhes to her ſhape new eſſence giues.

When onely I the onely wretched wight,
Wearie of life that breaths but sorrows blasts,
Pursues the flame of such a beautie bright,
That burnes my heart, and yet my life still lasts.

O Soueraigne light that with thy sacred flame
Consumes my life, reuiue me after this,
And make me (with the happie bird) the same,
That dies to liue, by fauour of thy blisse.
This deed of thine shall shew a Goddesse power,
In so long death, to grant one liuing hower.

Sonnet 4.

TEares, vowes and prayers gaines the hardest hearts,
Teares, vowes and prayers, haue I spent in vaine,
Teares cannot soften flint, nor vowes conuert,
Prayers preuaile not with a quaint disdaine.

I loose my teares, where I haue lost my loue,
I vowe my faith, where faith is not regarded,
I pray in vaine a merciles to moue,
So rare a faith ought better be rewarded.

Though frozen will may not be thawed with teares,
Though my soules Idol skorneth all my vowes,
Though all my prayers be made to deafned eares,
No fauour though, the cruell faire allowes:
Yet will I weepe, vowe, praye to cruell sher,
Flint, frost, disdaine, weares, melts and yeelds we see.

Sonnet 5.

WHy doth my Mistres credit so her glasse,
Gasing her beautie dein'd her by the skies,
And doth not rather looke on him (alas)
Whose state best shewes the force of murthering eies.

The

The bro'ken tops of loftie trees declare
The furie of a mercie-wanting ſtorme;
And of what force your wounding graces are,
Vpon my ſelfe you beſt may finde the forme.

Then leaue your glaſſe, and gaze your ſelfe on mee,
That myrror ſhewes the power of your face;
To admire your forme too much may danger bee,
Narciſſus changde to flower in ſuch a cauſe:
I feare your change not flower nor *Hiacynth*,
Meduſas eye may turne your heart to flint.

Sonnet 6.

THeſe amber locks are thoſe ſame nets (my Deare)
Wherewith my liberty thou didſt ſurpriſe,
Loue was the flame that fierd me ſo neare,
The darte tranſperſing were theſe Chriſtall eies.

Strong is the net, and feruent is the flame,
Deepe is the ſtroke, my ſighs can well report,
Yet doe I loue, adore and praiſe the ſame,
That holds, that burnes, that wounds me in that ſort.

I liſt not ſeeke to breake, to quench, to heale,
This bond, this flame, this wound that feſtereth ſo,
By knife, by liquor, or by ſalue to deale;
So much I pleaſe to periſh in my woe:
Yet, leaſt long trauels be aboue my ſtrength;
Good Ladie, loſe, quench, heal me now at length.

Sonnet 7.

BEhold what hap *Pigmalion* had to frame,
And carue his griefe himſelfe vpon a ſtone;
My heauie fortune is much like the ſame,
I worke on flint and that's the cauſe I mone.

For hapleſſe loe euen with mine owne deſires,
I figured on the table of my hart
The goodlieſt ſhape that the worlds eye admires,
And ſo did periſh by my proper arte.

And ſtill I toyle to change the Marble breſt
Of her, whoſe ſweete *Idea* I adore,
Yet cannot finde her breath vnto my reſt,
Hard is her heart, and woe is me therefore.
O bleſſed he that ioyes his ſtone and arte,
Vnhappie I to loue a ſtonie harte.

Sonnet 8.

OFt and in vaine my rebels thoughts haue ventred,
To ſtop the paſſage of my vanquiſht hart,
And cloſe the way, my friendly foe firſt entred,
Striuing thereby to free my bitter part.

Whileſt garding thus the windowes of my thought,
Where my harts-thiefe to vex me made her choice.
And thether all my forces to tranſport,
Another paſſage opens at her voice.

Her voice betraies me to her hand and eie,
My freedomes-tyrant glorying in hir art:
But (ah) ſweete foe, ſmall is the victorie,
With three ſuch powers to plague one ſilly harte.
Yet my ſoules ſouereigne, ſince I muſt reſigne,
Raigne in my thoughts, my loue and life are thine.

Sonnet 9.

RAigne in my thoughts, faire hand, ſweete eye, rare voice,
Poſſeſſe me whole, my harts Triumuirate:
Yet heauie hart to make ſo hard a choyce,
Of ſuch as ſpoyle thy whole afflicted ſtate.

For

For whilst they striue which shall be Lord of all,
All my poore life by them is trodden downe,
They all erect their triumphs on my fal,
And yeelds me nought: who gaines them there renowne?

When backe I looke, and sigh my freedome past,
And waile the state wherein I present stand,
And see my fortune euer like to last;
Finding me reynd with such a cruell hand,
What can I doo but yeeld, and yeeld I doo,
And serue them all, and yet they spoyle me too?

Sonnet 10.

THe slie Inchanter, when to worke his will,
And secret wrong on some forspoken wight,
Frames waxe, in forme to represent aright,
The poore vnwitting wretch he meanes to kill,
And prickes the image, fram'd by Magicks skill,
Whereby to vexe the partie day and night:
Like hath she done, whose shew bewitcht my sight,
To beauties charmes, her Louers bloud to spil.

For first, like waxe she fram'd me by her eyes,
Whose nayes sharp poynted set vpon my brest,
Martyres my life, and plagues me in this wise
With lingring paine to perish in vnrest,
Nought could (saue this) my sweetest faire suffice,
To trie her arte on him that loues her best.

Sonnet 11.

REstore thy treasure to the golden ore,
Yeeld *Cythereas* sonne those arckes of loue,
Bequeath the heauens the starres that I adore,
And to the Orient doe thy pearles remoue.

Yeeld thy hands pride vnto the iuory white,
To *Arabian* odor giue thy breathing sweete,
Restore thy blush vnto *Aurora* bright,
To *Thetis* giue the honour of thy feete.

Let *Venus* haue the graces herre signd,
And thy sweete voyce yeeld to *Hermonius* spheares;
But yet restore thy fierce and cruell minde
To *Hrcan* Tygers, and to ruthlesse Beares;
Yeeld to the Marble thy hard heart againe;
So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to paine.

Sonnet 12.

THe tablet of my heauie fortunes heere
Vpon thine Altare (*Paphian* power) I place;
The greeuous shipwracke of my trauels deere,
In bulged barke, all perisht in disgrace.

That traitor Loue, was Pilot to my woe,
My Sailes were hope, spread with my sighs of griefe,
The twinelights which my haples course did show,
Hard by th'inconstant sands of false reliefe,

Where two bright starres which led my view apart,
A Syrens voice allur'd me come so neare,
To perish on the marble of her hart,
A danger which my soule did neuer feare:
Lo thus he fares that trusts a calme too much;
Ad thus fare I whose credit hath beene such.

Sonnet 13.

MY *Cinthia* hath the waters of mine eies,
The reddie handmaides on hir grace attending,
That neuer falls to ebbe nor euer dies,
For to their flow shee neuer grants an ending.

The Ocean neuer doth attend more duly
Vpon his soueraigne, the night wandring Queene;
Nor euer hath his impost paide more truly,
Than mine to my soules Queene hath euer beene.

Yet her harde rocke fir the fixt for ay remouing,
No comfort to my cares she euer giueth,
Yet had I rather languish in her louing,
Than to imbrace the fairest shee that liueth:
I feare to find such pleasure in my raigning,
As now I taste in compasse of complaining.

Sonnet. 14.

IF a true heart and faith vnfained,
If a sweete languish with a chaste desire,
If hunger-sterued thoughts so long retained,
Fed but with smoke, and chenisht but with fire.

And if a brow with Cares caracters painted,
Bewrayes my Loue with broken words halfe spoken,
To her which sits in my thoughts temple sainted,
And layes to view my vulture-gnawn heart open.

If I haue wept the day, and sighd the night,
Whilst thrice the Sun approcht this northern bound:
If such a faith hath euer wrought aright,
And well deserud, and yet no fauor found:
Let this suffice, the whole world it may see
The fault is hers: though mine the most hurt be.

Sonnet 15.

SInce the first looke that led me to this error,
To this thoughts-maze to my confusion tending,
Stil haue I liude in griefe, in hope, in terror,
The circle of my sorrowes neuer ending.

Yet cannot haue her Loue that holds me hatefull,
Her eies exacts it, though her heart diſdaines me,
See what reward he hath that ſerues th'ngratefull,
So long and pure a faith no fauour gains me.

Still muſt I whet my young deſires abated,
Vpon the flint of ſuch a hart rebelling,
And all in vaine her pride is ſo imated,
Shee yeelds no place at all for pities dwelling.
Oft haue I told her that my Soule did loue her,
And that with teares, yet all this will not moue her.

Sonnet 16.

WAy but the cauſe, and giue me leaue to plaine me,
For all my hurt, that my harts Queene hath wrought it,
Shee whom I loue ſo deare, the more to paine me,
Withholds my right, where I haue dearely bought it.

Dearly I bought that was ſo highly rated,
Euen with the price of bloud and bodies waſting,
Shee would not yeeld that ought might be abated,
For all ſhee ſaw my Loue was pure and laſting.

And yet now ſcornes performance of the paſſion,
And with her preſence Iuſtice ouerruleth,
Shee tels me flat her beauty beares no action,
And ſo my plea and proces ſhee excludeth:
What wrong ſhee doth, the world may wel perceiue it,
To accept my faith at firſt, and then to leaue it

Sonnet 17.

WHilſt by her eies purſude, my poore hart fluc it
Into the ſacred boſome of my deareſt,
Shee there in that ſweete Sanctuarie ſlew it,
When it had hop'd his ſafetie to be neareſt.

My

My faith of priuiledge could no whit protect it,
That was with bloud, and three yeres witnes signed,
Whereby she had no cause once to suspect it:
For well she saw my loue, and how I pined.

Yet no hopes letter would her brow reueale mee,
No comforts hue, wich falling spirits erecteth,
What bootes to lawes of succour to appeale mee?
Ladies and tyrants neuer lawes respecteth.
Then there I die, where I had hope to liuen,
And by her hand that better might haue giuen,

Sonnet 18.

LOoke in my griefes, and blame me not to mourne,
From thought to thought that leade a life so bad:
Fortunes Orphan, hers and the worlds scorne,
Whose clowded brow doth make my daies so bad.

Long are their nights, whose cares doo neuer sleepe,
Lothsome their dayes, whom neuer sunne yet ioyed,
A pleasing griefe impressed hath so deepe,
That thus I liue both day and night annoyed.

Yet since the sweetest roote doth yeeld thus much,
Her praise from my complaint I must not part:
I loue the effect, because the cause is such,
I praise her face, and blame her flintie hart:
Whilst that we make the world admyre at vs,
Her for disdaine, and me for louing thus.

Sonnet 19

HAppie in sleepe, waking content to languish,
Imbracing cloudes by night, in day time mourne:
All things I loth saue her and mine owne anguish
Pleasd in my heart mooued to liue forlorne.

Nought

Nought doe I craue but loue, death, or my Ladie,
Hoarce with crying mercie, (mercie yet my merit)
So manie vowes and praiers euer made I,
That now at length to yeeld meere pitie were it.

Yet since the Hidra of my cares renewing,
Reuiues still sorrowes of her fresh disdaining,
Still must I goe the Summer winds pursuing,
And nothing but her loue and my harts paining.
Weep howrs, grieue daies, sigh months, and still mourn yearly,
Thus must I doe because I loue her dearelie.

Sonnet 20.

IF Beautie bright be doubled with a frowne,
That Pitie cannot shine through to my blisse,
And Disdaines vapors are thus ouergrowen,
That my liues light to me quite darkened is.

Why trouble I the world then with my cries,
The aire with sighs, the earth below with teares,
Synce I liue hatefull to those ruthfull eyes,
Vexing with my vntuned mone her daintie eares.

If I haue lou'd her dearer than my breath,
My breath, that cals the heauens to witnes it,
And still hold her most deare vntill my death:
And if that all this cannot moue one whit;
Yet let her say that shee hath done me wrong,
To vse me thus and know I lou'd so long.

Sonnet 21.

COme Death the anchor hold of all my thoughts,
My last resort whereto my life appealeth:
For all too long on earth my fancie dotes,
Whiles dearest blood my fierie passions scaleth.

That

That hart is now the proſpectiue of horror,
That honoured hath the cruelſt Faire that liueth,
The cruelſt Faire, that knowes I languiſh for her,
And neuer mercie to my merit giueth.

This is the Laurel and her tryumphes priſe,
To tread me downe with foote of her diſgrace,
Whilſt I did build my fortune in her eyes,
And laid my ſoules reſt on ſo faire a face:
That reſt I loſt, my Loue, my life and all,
Thus high attempts to lowe diſgrace do fall.

Sonnet 22.

IF this be Loue to drawe a wearie breath,
To paint on fluds till the ſhore crie to the aire,
With prone aſpect ſtill treading on the earth,
Sad horror, pale greeſe, proſtrate diſpaire:

If this be Loue, to warre againſt my ſoule,
Riſe vp to waile, lie downe to ſigh, to grieue me,
With ceaſeles toyle Cares reſtleſſe ſtones to roule,
Still to complaine and mone, whilſt none relieue me.

If this be Loue, to languiſh in ſuch care,
Loathing the light, the world, my ſelfe, and all,
With interrupted ſleepes freſh griefes repaire,
And breath out horror in perplexed thrall:
If this be Loue, to liue a liuing death;
Loe then loue I, and draw this wearie breath.

Sonnet 23.

MY cares drawes on my euerlaſting night,
And horrors ſable clowds dims my liues ſunne;
That my liues ſunne, and thou my worldly light,
Shall riſe no more to me, my daies are donne.

Ile goe before vnto the myrtle ſhades,
To attend the preſence of my worldes deare,
And dreſſe a bed of flowers that neuer fades,
And all things fit againſt her comming there.

If anie aske, why that ſo ſoone I came?
Ile hide her fault, and ſay, it was my lot,
In life and death Ile tender her good name,
My life and death ſhall neuer be her blot:
Although the world this deed of hirs may blame,
The *Eliſian* ghoaſts ſhall neuer know the ſame.

Sonnet 24.

THe Starre of my miſhape impoſde my paining
To ſpend the *Aprill* of my yeares in crying,
That neuer found my fortune but in wayning,
With ſtill freſh cares my bloud and bloudie trying.

Yet her I blame not, though ſhe might haue bleſt me,
But my deſiers wings ſo high aſpiring;
Now melted with the Sunne that hath poſſeſt me,
Downe doo I fall from of my high deſiring.

And in my fall doo crie for mercie ſpeedie,
No piteous eye lookes back vpon my mourning;
No helpe I finde, when now moſt fauour neede I;
My Ocean teares drowne me, and quench my burning
And this my death muſt chriſten her anew,
Whiles faith doth bid my cruell Faire adieu.

Sonnet 25.

TO heare the impoſt of a faith not fayning,
That dutie paies, and her diſdaine extorteth:
Theſe beare the meſſage of my woſull paining,
Theſe Oliue braunches mercie ſtill exorteth.

Theſe tributarie plaints with chaſt deſires,
I ſend thoſe eyes, the cabinets of loue,
The paradiſe where to my ſoule aſpires
From out this hell, which my afflictions proue.

Wherein (poore ſoule) I liue exil'd from mirth,
Penſiue alone, none but diſpaire about me,
My ioyes liberties periſht in their birth,
My cares long liu'd, and will not die without me:
What ſhall I doo but ſigh and waile, the while
My martyrdome exceedes the higheſt ſtile.

Sonnet 26.

I Once may ſee when yeares may wrecke my wrong,
And golden haires may change to ſiluer wyer,
And thoſe bright rayes (that kindle all this fier)
Shall faile in force, their power not ſo ſtrong.

Her beautie, now the burden of my ſong,
Whoſe glorious blaze the worlds eie doth admire,
Muſt yeeld her praiſe to tirant times deſire,
Then fades the flower which fed her pride ſo long,

VVhen if ſhe grieue to gaze her in her glaſſe,
VVhich then preſents her winter withred hieu,
Goe you my verſe, goe tell her what ſhe was:
For what ſhe was, ſhe beſt may finde in you.
Your fierie heate lets not her glorie paſſe,
But *Phœnix* like to make her liue anew.

Sonnet 27.

RAiſing my hope on hills of high deſire,
Thinking to ſcale the heauen of her hart,
My ſlender meane preſumes too high a part:
For diſdaines thunderbolt made me retire,

And threw me downe to paine in all this fire,
Where lo I languiſh in ſo heauie ſmart,
Becauſe th'attmpt was far aboue my Art,
Her ſtate brooks not poore ſoules ſhould come ſo nie her.

Yet I proteſt my high aſpiring will,
Was not to diſpoſſeſſe her of her right,
Her Soueraigntie ſhould haue remayned ſtill,
I onely ſought the bliſſe, to haue her ſight:
Her ſight contented thus to ſee me ſpill,
Fram'd my deſires fit for her eies to kill.

Finis, Daniell.

Canto primo.

HEarke all you Ladies that doo ſleepe,
The Fairie Queene *Proſerpina*
Bids you awake, and pitie them that weepe:
You may doo in the darke,
What the day doth forbid;
Feare not the doggs that barke,
Night will haue all hid.

But if you let your Louers mone,
The Fairie Queene *Proſerpina*
Will ſend abroad her Fairies euerie one:
That ſhall pinch blacke and blew
Your white hands and faire armes,
That did not kindly rewe
Your Paramours harmes.

In myrtle arbours on the downes,
The Fairie Queene *Proſerpina*
This night by Moone ſhine leading merrie rounds,

Holds

Holds a watch with ſweete Loue,
Downe the dale, vp the hill,
No plaints nor grieues may moue,
Their holy vigill.

All you that will hold watch with Loue,
The Fairie Queene *Proſerpina*
Will make you fairer than *Dianas* Doue,
Roſes red, Lillies white,
And the cleere damaske hue,
Shall on your cheekes alight:
Loue will adorne you.

All you that loue, or lou'd before,
The Fairie Queene *Proſerpina*
Bids you increaſe that louing humour more:
They that haue not yet fed
On delight amorous,
She vowes that they ſhall lead
Apes in *Auernus*.

Canto Secundo.

WHat faire pompe haue I ſpide of glittering Ladies,
With locks ſparckled abroad, and roſie Coronet
On their yuorie browes, trackt to the daintie thies
With robes like *Amazons*, blew as Violet:
With gold Aglets adornd, ſome in a changeable
Pale, with ſpangs wauering taught to be moueable.

2 Then thoſe Knights that a farre off with dolorous viewing,
Caſt their eyes hetherward: loe in an agonie
All vnbrac'd, crie aloud, their heauie ſtate ruing;
Moyſt cheekes with blubbering painted as *Ebonie*
Blacke, their ſeltred haire torne with wrathfull hand,
And whiles aſtonied, ſtarke in a maze they ſtand.

3 But hearke what merry ſound: what ſodaine harmonie,
Looke, looke neere the groue where the Ladies doe tread,
With their knights the meaſures waide by the melodie,
Wantons whoſe traueſing make men enamoured,
Now they faine an honor, now by the ſlender waſt
He muſt lift her aloft, and ſeale a kiſſe in haſt.

4 Streight downe vnder a ſhadow for wearines they lie,
With pleaſant daliance, hand knit with arme in arme,
Now cloſe, now ſet aloofe they gaze with an equall eie,
Changing kiſſes alike, ſtreight with a falſe alarme,
Mocking kiſſes alike, powt with a louely lip,
Thus drownd with iollities, their merry dayes doe ſlip.

5 But ſtay now I diſcerne they goe on a Pilgrimage,
Toward Loues holy land faire *Paphos* or *Cyprus*,
Such deuotion is meete for a blitheſome age,
With ſweet youth it agrees well to be amorous,
Let olde angrie fathers lurke in an Hermitage,
Come weele aſſociate this iollie Pilgrimage.

Canto Tertio.

MY Loue bound me with a kiſſe
That I ſhould no longer ſtaie:
When I felt ſo ſweete a bliſſe,
I had leſſe power to paſſe away:
Alas that men doe not know
Kiſſes make men loath to goe.

Canto Quarto.

LOue whets the dulleſt wittes, his plagues be ſuch,
But makes the wiſe by pleaſing doate as much:
So wit is purchaſt by this dire diſeaſe,
Oh let me doat, ſo Loue be bent to pleaſe.

Canto

Canto Quinto.

A Daie, a night, an houre of ſweete content,
Is worth a world conſum'd in fretfull care,
Vnequall Gods in your Arbitrement
To ſort vs dayes whoſe ſorrowes endles are,
And yet what were it? as a fading flower;
To ſwim in bliſſe, a daie, a night an hower.

2 What plague is greater than the griefe of minde,
The griefe of minde that eates in euerie vaine,
In euerie vaine that leaues ſuch clods behind,
Such clods behinde as breed ſuch bitter paine,
So bitter paine that none ſhall euer finde,
VVhat Plague is greater than the griefe of minde.

3 Doth ſorrowe fret thy ſoule? O direfull ſpirit,
Doth pleaſure feede thy hart? O bleſſed man:
Haſt thou bin happie once? O heauie plight:
Are thy miſhaps forepaſt? O happie than:
Or haſt thou bliſſe in eld? O bliſſe too late:
But haſt thou bliſſe in youth? O ſweete eſtate.

Finis. CONTENT.

Megliora ſpero.

FAction that euer dwelles, in Court where wit excelles,
Hath ſet defiance.
Fortune and Loue haue ſworne, that they were neuer borne,
Of one alliance.

Cupid which doth aſpire, to be God of Deſire,
Sweares he giues lawes;
That where his arrowes hit, ſome ioy, ſome ſorrow it,
Fortune no cauſe.

Fortune

Fortune sweares weakest hearts (the bookes of *Cupids* Arts)
Turnd with her wheele,
Senſles themſelues ſhall proue: venter hath place in *Loue*,
Aske them that feele.

This diſcord it begot *Atheiſts*, that honor not:
Nature thought good,
Fortune ſhould euer dwell in Court where wits excell,
Loue keepe the wood.

So to the wood went I, with *Loue* to liue and die,
Fortune's forlorne:
Experienc of my youth, made me thinke humble Truth,
In deſarts borne.

My Saint I keepe to me, and *Ioane* her ſelfe is ſhe,
Ioane faire and true:
She that doth onely moue paſſions of loue with *Loue*,
Fortune adieu.

Finis E. O.

IF flouds of teares could clenſe my follies paſt,
And ſmokes of ſighs might ſacrifice for ſin,
If groning cries might ſaue my fault at laſt,
Or endles mone for error pardon win;
Then would I crie, weepe, ſigh, and euer mone
Mine error, fault, ſins, follies paſt and gone.

I ſee my hopes muſt wither in their bud,
I ſee my fauours are no laſting flowers,
I ſee that words will breath no better good
Than loſſe of time, and lightning but ſhowers:
Then when I ſee, then this I lay therefore,
That fauours, hopes, and words, can blinde no more.

FINIS.